Dec. 29, 1975

THE NEW YORKER

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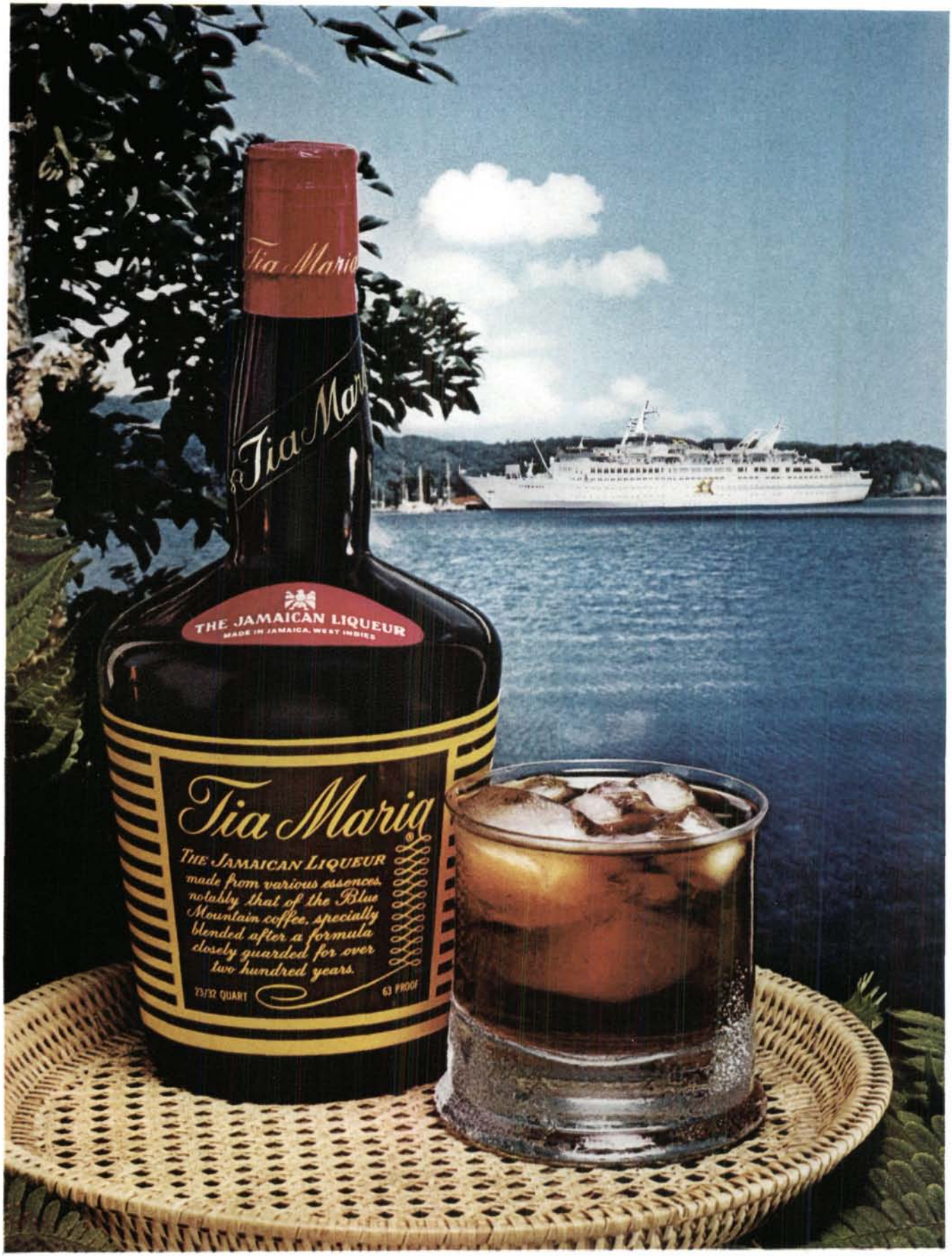
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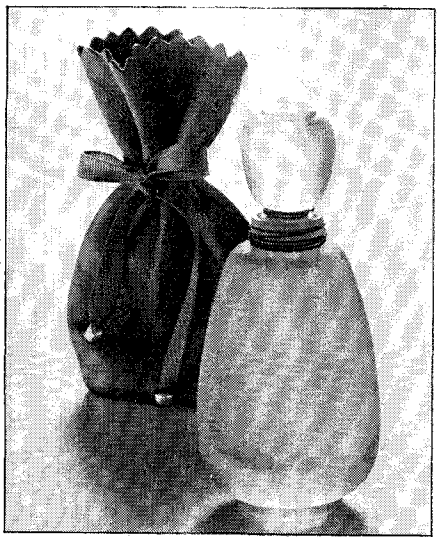

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(This week and next, some theatres, as indicated below, are rearranging their schedules because of Christmas and New Year's Day. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

ANGEL STREET—Dina Merrill and Michael Allinson in a revival of Patrick Hamilton's suspense thriller. Staged by Shepard Traube. Previews Wednesday matinée, Dec. 24, and Christmas evening. Opens officially on Friday, Dec. 26. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 31, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée New Year's Day at 3.)

BOY MEETS BOY—As described. This musical, with the indicated twist, is a foolish takeoff, by a pair of Englishmen—Bill Solly, score and lyrics, and Donald Ward and Mr. Solly, book—on foolish musicals of the thirties (British musicals, presumably; surely not those of our own Golden Age). The performances are no help, but Mr. Solly's songs are agreeable. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 242-9657. Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BY BERNSTEIN—A musical revue made up of Leonard Bernstein songs that never got performed in the shows for which they were written. New book by Betty Comden and Adolph Green; lyrics by Mr. Bernstein, Comden and Green, John Latouche, Jerry Lieber, and Stephen Sondheim. Michael Bawtree has directed a cast of seven, including Patricia Elliott and Janie Sell. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesday, Dec. 24, at 8; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27, at 7 and 10; Sunday, Dec. 28, at 3; Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 29-30, at 8; New Year's Eve at 7 and 10; Friday, Jan. 2, at 8; and Saturday, Jan. 3, at 7 and 10.)

CHICAGO—An unpleasant musical about dreary people, but with stunning performances by Gwen Verdon, Chita Rivera, and Jerry Orbach. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A CHORUS LINE—A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante, setting by Robin Wagner, costumes by Theoni V. Aldredge, and lighting by Tharon Musser. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

CIRCLE REPERTORY COMPANY—The second production of the season is DANCING FOR THE KAISER, by Andrew Colmar, with Joanna Miles and Douglass Watson. (Circle Repertory Company, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 10. Matinées Thursdays at 2, Saturdays at 6, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 4.)

DEAR MR. G.—A play by Donna de Matteo. (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 243-8334. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

THE FIFTH SEASON—Joseph Buloff and Stan Porter in a musical version (in Yiddish and English) of Sylvia Regan's comedy. Adapted by Luba Kadison, with music and lyrics by Dick Manning. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 260-5200. Wednesday, Dec. 24, at 2 and 7:30; Thursday, Dec. 25, at 2 and 6; Friday, Dec. 26, at 7:30; Saturday, Dec. 27, at 2 and 8:15; Sunday, Dec. 28, at 2 and 6; Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 2 and 8; New Year's Day at 2 and 6; Friday, Jan. 2, at 7:30; and Saturday, Jan. 3, at 2 and 8:15.)

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GIFT OF THE MAGI—A musical by Ronnie Britton, based on the O. Henry story. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

THE GLASS MENAGERIE—A revival of Tennessee Williams' play, with Maureen Stapleton, Rip Torn, Pamela Payton-Wright, and Paul Rudd. Directed by Theodore Mann. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Wednesday, Dec. 24, at 2; Friday, Dec. 26, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 27, at 2 and 8; Sunday, Dec. 28, at 3 and 8; Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 30-31, at 2 and 8; Friday, Jan. 2, at 8; and Saturday, Jan. 3, at 2 and 8.)

HABEAS CORPUS—A London hit that has failed to travel, though Donald Sinden and Rachel Roberts are marvellous in the leading roles. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2; special matinées Friday, Dec. 26, at 2, and New Year's Day at 3.)

HAMLET—A presentation of the New York Shakespeare Festival at Lincoln Center, with Sam Waterston and Jane Alexander. Michael Rudman directed. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays, Sundays, and Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 2:30.)

JESSE AND THE BANDIT QUEEN—David Freeman's romp, presumably a fantasy about Jesse James and his mistress and partner-in-crime, Belle Starr, is unsettling on a number of counts, but there is no doubt that it is an occasion for two spirited performances by Kevin O'Connor and Dixie Carter, its entire cast. Costumes by Hilary M. Rosenfeld and lighting by Arden Fingerhut. Gordon Stewart directed. Starting Tuesday, Dec. 30, Barry Primus will replace Mr. O'Connor. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

KENNEDY'S CHILDREN—Not so much a play as five sad monologues about people who blame the sixties rather than themselves for their existential perplexities. Written by Robert Patrick. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Wednesday, Dec. 24, and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27, at 2 and 8; Sunday, Dec. 28, at 3; Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 29-30, at 8; Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 2 and 8; Friday, Jan. 2, at 8; and Saturday, Jan. 3, at 2 and 8.)

LAMPPOST REUNION—A famous singer turns up in a tacky bar in New Jersey and makes what

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he would call waves. The author is Louis La-Russo II, and the stars are Gabriel Dell and Danny Aiello. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 730-0850. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Dec. 26, at 2.)

Life Class—A play by David Storey, with Kevin Conway. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 288-2500. Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 29-30, and final performances Friday and Saturday, Jan. 2-3, all at 8.)

Me and Bessie—Perhaps the main weakness of Linda Hopkins' attempt to re-create Bessie Smith by clamping cloche hats on her head and singing Bessie's songs is that she is a jittery and uncertain actress. Bessie had majesty; Hopkins doesn't. But now and then she relaxes ("T'aint Nobody's Bizness If I Do," "Kitchen Man"), and Bessie shines through. Howlett Smith leads the fine onstage band. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays and Fridays and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 31, at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30. Special performances Friday, Dec. 26, at 3, and New Year's Eve at 11.)

Murder Among Friends—Janet Leigh and Jack Cassidy in a mystery play by Bob Barry. Directed by Val May. Previews through Saturday, Dec. 27. Opens officially on Sunday, Dec. 28. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Nightly at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Musical Jubilee—What are known as seasoned performers, in an unseasonable mishmash of a show. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 31, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée New Year's Day.)

The Norman Conquests—Alan Ayckbourn requires three full-length plays to tell us as much as he thinks we ought to know about his nasty Don Juan of a hero. Funny lines and situations, and first-rate acting by Estelle Parsons and Carole Shelley. The schedule is complicated—**table manners:** Wednesday, Dec. 24, at 2; Friday, Dec. 26, as well as Monday, Dec. 29, and Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 8; and Saturday, Jan. 3, at 2. . . . **living together:** Wednesday, Dec. 24, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 27, at 2; and Tuesday, Dec. 30, as well as New Year's Day and Saturday, Jan. 3, at 8. . . . **round and round the garden:** Christmas and Saturday, Dec. 27, at 8; Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 2; and Friday, Jan. 2, at 8. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230.)

The Royal Family—Eva Le Gallienne, Rosemary Harris, George Grizzard, and Sam Levene in a revival of the Kaufman-Ferber comedy. Ellis Rabb directed. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Christmas Eve and Friday, Dec. 26, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 27, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Dec. 28, at 2 and 7:30. Moves on Tuesday, Dec. 30, to the Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St., 246-6380, where performances will be given Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sweet Bird of Youth—Irene Worth and Christopher Walken in a revival of Tennessee Williams' play. Directed by Edwin Sherin. Recently seen at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, it will reopen on Broadway, with previews Friday, Dec. 26, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 27, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Dec. 28, at 7:30, and an official opening on Monday, Dec. 29. (Harkness, Broadway at 63rd St. 581-6000. Nightly, except Sundays and New Year's Day, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Jan. 2, at 2.)

Travesties—The King's English as few kings have ever been able to speak it. An exceedingly witty play by Tom Stoppard, acted to perfection by John Wood (David Dukes substitutes for him at the Wednesday matinées) in the leading role. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Tuscaloosa's Calling Me . . . But I'm Not Going!—This little revue—tuneful, witty, and refreshing—is a delightful celebration of New York City in its hours of travail. Hank Beebe wrote the score, Bill Heyer wrote the lyrics, and Mr. Heyer, Mr. Beebe, and Sam Dann wrote the sketches. Len Gochman, Patti Perkins, and Renny Temple are the entire and entirely satisfactory cast. Charles E. Hoefler designed the imaginative scenery, and the whole show moves with humor and style, under the direction of James Hammerstein and Gui Andrisano. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. YU 2-9292. Christmas at 8; Friday through Sunday, Dec. 26-28, at 3 and 8; Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 29-30, at 8; New Year's Day at 7:30 and 10; and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 2-3, at 3 and 8.)

Very Good Eddie—Jerome Kern's 1915 musical, with a book by Guy Bolton and lyrics by Schuyler Greene, Elsie Janis, P. G. Wodehouse, Anne Caldwell, and Frank Craven. The cast, directed by Bill Gile, is headed by David Christmas, Joel Craig, and Spring Fairbank. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Yentl—An awkward play about Jewish life in Poland in the nineteenth century. Taken from a story by Isaac Bashevis Singer, in which the many implausibilities of the plot must have been easier to steal past than they are onstage. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0218. Nightly, except Sundays and New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 24, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinées Christmas and Friday, Dec. 26, at 2.)

Long Runs—absurd person singular: Alan Ayckbourn is a master of farce, and this play about the horrors of married life will make you laugh from start to finish. With Geraldine Page, Sandy Dennis, Scott McKay, Paul Shyre, Marilyn Clark, and Curt Dawson. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2; special matinées Friday, Dec. 26, at 2, and New Year's Day at 3.). . . **candide:** A revival, in much altered form, of the 1956 original, with Leonard Bernstein's score and Richard Wilbur's lyrics. Harold Prince directed the inventive, lively performance. Be prepared to climb up ramps and steps to find a seat. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3; special matinées Friday, Dec. 26, and New Year's Day at 2.). . . **dance with me:** The grim days and happy daydreams of a young New York nebbish. A comedy with music, well played by the La Mama Plexus Company. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 391-0063. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 24, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinées Friday, Dec. 26, and New Year's Day at 3.). . . **equus:** A psychological whodunit by Peter Shaffer. With Anthony Perkins, Thomas Hulce, Frances Sternhagen, Marian Seldes, and Michael Higgins. The director is John Dexter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3; special matinées Friday, Dec. 26, and New Year's Day at 3.). . . **the fantasticks:** 6,521 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **godspell:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Mondays, Tuesdays, and Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6 and 9; and New Year's Eve at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 31, at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5.). . . **grease:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas and New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinées Fridays, Dec. 26 and Jan. 2, at 2.). . . **the hot l baltimore:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Christmas at 8; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27, at 7 and 10; Sunday, Dec. 28, at 3 and 7:30; Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 29-30, at 8; and New Year's Eve and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 2-3, at 7 and 10.) . . . **the magic show:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6302. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2 and 5; special matinées Friday, Dec. 26, and New Year's Day at 2.). . . **pippin:** A great big show that ably conceals a tiny little musical. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 24, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Dec. 26.). . . **the ritz:** High jinks in a low homosexual bathhouse. Terrence McNally's farce is much easier to laugh at than to describe. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Dec. 26, at 3.). . . **same time, next year:** A slick and sentimental comedy about happy marriages and a single twenty-five-year-long, happy adultery, practiced annually. With Loretta Swit and Ted Bessell. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... SHENANDOAH: Hokum, though John Cullum sings bravely and well. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 31, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée New Year's Day.)... SHERLOCK HOLMES: Frank Dunlop's hilarious guying of the Doyle-Gillette classic, with Robert Stephens as Holmes and Alan Sues as the infamous Professor Moriarty. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3; special matinées Friday, Dec. 26, at 2, and New Year's Day at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 4.)... THE WIZ: An elaborate and mostly successful version of "The Wizard of Oz," with an all-black cast of great talent. Directed by Geoffrey Holder, who also did the costumes. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 24, and Saturdays at 2. and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Dec. 26, at 2.)

MISCELLANY

SOVIET CIRCUS (FORMERLY THE MOSCOW CIRCUS)—The celebrated one-ring circus, with clowns, acrobats, jugglers, rope-walkers, Cossack riders, monkeys, and waltzing bears. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Mondays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and also Christmas and Friday, Dec. 26; Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 29-30; and New Year's Day and Friday, Jan. 2, at 2, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 4.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Performances of "The Nutcracker" are being presented through Sunday, Jan. 4. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Wednesday, Dec. 24, at 2 and 6; Friday, Dec. 26, at 2; Saturday, Dec. 27, at 2 and 8; Sunday, Dec. 28, at 2 and 6; Tuesday, Dec. 30, at 2; Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 2 and 8; Friday, Jan. 2, at 2; and Saturday, Jan. 3, at 2 and 8. Through Sunday, Feb. 15.)

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Wednesday, Dec. 24, at 5:30: "Coppélia."... ¶ Friday, Dec. 26, at 5:30, and Saturday, Dec. 27, at 2: "Giselle."... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 27, at 8: "Brahms Quintet," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," "At Midnight," and "Les Patineurs."... ¶ Sunday, Dec. 28, at 2 and 8: "Coppélia."... ¶ Monday, Dec. 29, at 5:30: "Gemini," "The Leaves Are Fading," "Las Hermanas," and "The River."... ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 30, at 5:30: "Le Baiser de la Fée," "Awakening" (première), "The River," and "Shadowplay."... ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 8: "Las Hermanas," "Le Spectre de la Rose," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Fancy Free."... ¶ Friday, Jan. 2, at 5:30, and Saturday, Jan. 3, at 2 and 8: "Tales of Hoffmann." (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Through Sunday, Feb. 1.)

MARTHA GRAHAM DANCE COMPANY—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday evening, Dec. 24: "Appalachian Spring," "Letter to the World," and "Scarlet Letter." ... ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 25: "Seraphic Dialogue," "Herodiade," and "Scarlet Letter."... ¶ Friday matinée, Dec. 26: "Seraphic Dialogue," "Circe," "Errand Into the Maze," and "Scarlet Letter."... ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 26: "Circe," "Errand Into the Maze," "Frontier," and "Scarlet Letter."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 27: "Clytemnestra."... ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 27: "Cave of the Heart," "Lamentation," "Diversion of Angels," and "Scarlet Letter."... ¶ Monday evening, Dec. 29: "Frontier," "Diversion of Angels," "Scarlet Letter," and "Appalachian Spring."... ¶ Tuesday evening, Dec. 30: "Letter to the World," "Scarlet Letter," and "Appalachian Spring."... ¶ Wednesday matinée, Dec. 31: "Diversion of Angels," "Dark Meadow," and "Seraphic Dialogue."... ¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 31: "Frontier," "Diversion of Angels," "Letter to the World," and "Appalachian Spring."... ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 1: "Adorations," "Point of Crossing," "Lucifer," and "Acrobats of God."... ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 2: "Clytemnestra."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 3: "Adorations," "Circe," "Lucifer," and "Seraphic Dialogue."... ¶ Saturday evening,

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Jan. 3: "Adorations," "Point of Crossing," "Night Journey," and "Acrobats of God." (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7050. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

MURRAY LOUIS DANCE COMPANY—Thursday, Dec. 25, and Monday, Dec. 29, at 8, and Saturday, Jan. 3, at 2: "Bach Suite," "Facets," "Chimera," and "Hoopla."... ¶ Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27, at 8; Sunday, Dec. 28, at 3; and Saturday, Jan. 3, at 8: "Scheherezade."... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 27, at 2, and Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 8: "Geometrics," "Moments," and "Catalogue."... ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 30, and Friday, Jan. 2, at 8: "Porcelain Dialogues," "Continuum," and "Index." (New York University Theatre, 35 W. 4th St. For tickets, call 777-1123. Closes Saturday, Jan. 10.)

LES BALLETS TROCKADERO DE MONTE CARLO—Final performances—Wednesday through Saturday evenings, Dec. 24-27, and Sunday matinée and evening, Dec. 28: "The Nutcracker." ... ¶ Wednesday through Sunday evenings, Dec. 31-Jan. 4: "Swan Lake," "The Queen's Revenge," "Loie Flutter," and "Don Quixote." (Martinique, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-7341. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

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VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Jazz started out as a utilitarian, cooking-sherry music, and although it has been embraced by Art in recent decades it has produced remarkably few romantics. (Some: Duke Ellington, Sidney Bechet, Erroll Garner, Stan Getz.) The pianist MC COY TYNER is the most recent and, in his way, the most spectacular. His way is primarily that of Cecil Taylor—oceanic solos that may continue for twenty minutes (Taylor's materials are rarely identifiable, but Tyner often bases his solos on songs like "Summertime"); a thundering array of staccato chords, delivered like blows and causing the tuner to pay daily visits; racing, stiff-legged arpeggios; and, unlike Taylor, a disturbing muddiness of tone, of attack. (Tyner uses a lot of loud pedal, which, if not used with pointillistic care, does just one thing to a piano—blurs it.) But, like Taylor, Tyner works so hard that he makes one's occasional boredom seem merely perverse. Azar Lawrence, on tenor and soprano saxophones, is in Tyner's group at the Vanguard, and so are Junior Booth, bass; Eric Gravatt, drums; and a percussionist named Guilmerme Franco. Lawrence and Gravatt are typical serious, never-winded, free-jazz soloists, but Franco is a comedian. He performs behind a kind of counter at the back of the bandstand and, during a forty-minute number, rattles, bings, shakes, scrapes, bongs, sizzles, and shushes an extraordinary number of percussion devices. Every few bars, he drops completely from sight and, having seized a new timbale or gong, rockets back into view, larruping it and laughing like a madman. Tuesdays through Sundays from ten.... ¶ The THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS band is just back from a Triumphant Tour of Japan and other points west, and there is sometimes an ecstatic air here on Mondays, when it plays.

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BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Simple, pleasant surroundings, collard greens and ribs on the menu, and mainstream and, occasionally, out-there jazz on the bandstand. The Junior Cook quintet will be on hand Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27. Guitarist Joe Beck's combo begins a week's work on Monday, Dec. 29. Conga player Ray Mantilla and his band will alternate with the Beck group on New Year's Eve. Music from nine-forty-five to three. Closed Sundays and Christmas.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—On Thursday, Dec. 25, longtime six-string jogging partners CHUCK WAYNE and JOE PUMA bring their guitars downtown from Stryker's (where they usually perform) to share the stage with Oregon, a somewhat pretentious, collective-improvisation, oddly instrumented (guitar, sitar, oboe, bass, tabla, French horn, etc.) quartet. Although Oregon's music is self-indulgent, nearly joyless, and hardly suited to the Bottom Line, it might go over as a sound track for "Magister Ludi." Friday through Sunday, Dec. 26-28, PATTI SMITH, rock-and-roll poet and singer and the latest and last worthwhile discovery of 1975 (after Gil Scott-Heron and Bruce Springsteen), will do nine sold-out shows (an extra show, beginning at two in the morning, was added at the last minute). Monday, Dec. 29, through New Year's Eve, Elly Stone will sing minor anthems to life on the upper West Side and, no doubt, some Jacques Brel material; Gotham, an exuberantly campy but quite mediocre singing trio, will open the shows. On Friday, Jan. 2, comedians Proctor and Bergman will begin alternating with Catskill Mountain folkie Artie Traum. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays; on New Year's Eve at seven-thirty and eleven-fifteen. Dinner. Closed Christmas Eve.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Fine piano-bass partnerships can be found in this buzzing little bar. On Sundays and for the week beginning on Monday, Dec. 29, pianist Barry Harris holds forth with his bassist (and, sometimes, a drummer, too). Music from nine-thirty. Dinner.

BUDDY'S PLACE, 133 W. 33rd St. (736-2888)—Percussionist Mongo Santamaria heads up a Latin-jazz outfit Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27. The DIZZY GILLESPIE big band will be on-stage New Year's Eve, playing sparks-flying, altogether powerful arrangements. Music at nine and midnight. Supper.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—BOBBY SHORT, much to the relief of his coterie of followers, is sequestered in the Café Carlyle, accompanied by bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Gene Gammage, Tuesdays through Thursdays at ten and midnight; Fridays and Saturdays at nine-forty-five, eleven-fifteen, and one. Dinner and supper. Closed Christmas Eve, Christmas, and New Year's Day.... MARIAN MC PARTLAND, all fire and brilliance, is once again playing in the Bemelmans Bar, weekdays from nine, and Madison Avenue is the brighter for it. No music Christmas Eve, Christmas, and New Year's Day.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—The decades go by, but MARY LOU WILLIAMS' playing—with its startling, steely single-note lines; tight, almost harsh chordal passages; and flashing, exploratory rhythmic sense—continues to surprise and delight and instruct. Her accompanist is bassist Brian Torff. Mondays through Saturdays from eight to one. On Sundays from eight to one, DICK HYMAN outlines the history of the jazz piano. Dining. On New Year's Eve, a triple bill—MARY LOU WILLIAMS, with Brian Torff; Flamenco guitarist ANITA SHEER; and singer MAXINE SULLIVAN, along with pianist Chuck Folds—will perform from ten.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Herbie Hall, Vic Dickenson, Ed Polcer, Jim Andrews, Connie Kay, and Red Balaban (who owns the place) are the traditionalists who make up the house band. MAXINE SULLIVAN

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will sing with the regulars on Tuesday, Dec. 30. Red Richards plays piano most nights from five-thirty; the sextet begins alternating with him after nine-thirty. ZOOT SIMS, AL COHN, and their quintet take over on Sunday, Dec. 28, beginning at eight. Dinner.

FIVE SPOT, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (730-9270)—Alto saxophonist JACKIE MC LEAN and his vigorous young septet are on the bandstand Tuesdays through Sundays. On Mondays: DAVE MATTHEWS' twelve-piece band, made up of studio musicians who range from their twenties to their forties. Music from ten to three. Chinese and American snacks.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—The senior member of the threesome that plays swing tunes in this tiny bar is SONNY GREER, who worked with Duke Ellington for more than thirty years, beginning in 1919. RUSSELL PROCOPE carries out his duties on the alto saxophone and clarinet with the gusto and smooth finesse that typified Ellington reeds (he joined Ellington in 1945). Twenty-four-year-old BROOKS KERR, a stride stylist and an Ellington scholar, sits at the piano between Greer and Procope and helps generate the excitement. Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three. The Hal Galper trio is on hand Mondays and Tuesdays from ten to three; and on Sunday, Dec. 28, from five to nine, vibraharpist Warren Chiasson works with bassist Jimmy Lewis and pianist Don Friedman.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—ROY ELDRIDGE is sixty-four, his hair is whitish, and he wears thick glasses, but the old drive is still there. His accompanists—Dick Katz on piano, Eddie Locke on drums, Norris Turney on reeds, Ted Sturgis on bass, and Bobby Pratt on trombone—provide camouflage for Eldridge during the early part of the evening and ballast during the later part. Music weekdays from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Max Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two. Closed Christmas Eve, Christmas, and New Year's Day.

JIM SMITH'S VILLAGE CORNER, 142 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (473-9762)—A pentagonal, high-ceilinged corner bar with an abundance of old, dark wood and mirrors. Lance Hayward is seated at the keyboard every night but Wednesday, when Jim Roberts fills in. On Sundays, Jane Valentine contributes vocals. Music from nine-thirty to three.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—The impeccable BOBBY HACKETT is working with pianist Norman Simmons, bassist Milt Hinton, and drummer Bobby Rosengarden Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Bassist GORDON EDWARDS, guitarist CORNELL DUPREE, pianist RICHARD TEE, and either CHRIS PARKER or STEVE GADD, on drums, form a first-rate loose and nimble rhythm-and-blues band. They'll be performing on Wednesday, Dec. 24; from Sunday through Tuesday, Dec. 28-30; and on Thursday, Jan. 1. Nearly every number in their repertoire—from bossa-nova standards to "Season of the Witch" to "I Heard It Through the Grapevine"—becomes an expertly played R. & B. riff, satisfyingly repetitive and done at a steady, buckboard-bouncing clip. On Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27, and on New Year's Eve, drummer Ray Haynes will work out with his quintet. Music from ten until three. Closed Christmas.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Son of the Bitter End. Friday through Wednesday, Dec. 26-31, comic Bill Crystal will open each show for folk-rock humorist Martin Mull and his backup band. Shows at nine and eleven-thirty. Closed Christmas Eve and Christmas.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—The SY OLIVER band is on the podium Tuesdays through Thursdays, except Christmas, from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; Sundays and Christmas from six to midnight; and New Year's Eve from nine to two-thirty. Dining and dancing.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—This attractive bar-and-restaurant complex currently features Barbara Cook, who sings standards as well as songs from her numerous Broadway roles. At nine and midnight. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dinner.

RIVERBOAT, 350 Fifth Ave., at 34th St. (736-6210)—RICHARD SUDHALTER (cornet, flugelhorn) and SUSANNAH MC CORKLE (vocals) are brilliantly manning the jazz ramparts against a commercial rock act, Gary U.S. Bonds. The rest of the group—Don Coates on piano, Frank Tate on bass, and Jules Moss on drums—are adequate. Sudhalter-McCorkle start around seven, reappear for an hour and a half at about nine-thirty, and finish at one. Their spirits willing, they will be here through Saturday, Dec. 27, and are not to be missed. Dinner.

STRYKER'S, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A dark but friendly and attractive little upper West Side outpost. Trumpeter and sometime vocalist CHET BAKER and his group of apprentices will perform here on Wednesday, Dec. 24, and Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 29-30. On Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27, guitarist JOE PUMA will lead his own trio. Sundays, as always, are reserved for CHUCK WAYNE and JOE PUMA guitar duets. Music weeknights from nine-thirty; Sundays from nine. Closed Christmas.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—The acoustically perfect music corner of this highly congested bar and restaurant has been turned over to a fine piano-bass partnership, Richie Beirach and Frank Tusa; Friday through Sunday, Dec. 26-28. On Monday, Dec. 29, John Abercrombie, an up-and-coming young guitarist, begins a week's stint here with pianist Mike Nock and bassist Rick Laird. The hours run from nine on Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Christmas Eve and Christmas.

TANGERINE, 1057 Lexington Ave., at 75th St. (861-2521)—ELLIS LARKINS has landed in this bar-and-grill that echoes the thirties and forties, and is wheeling out his feathered and bejewelled Art Tatum ruminations on an in-tune upright. The excellent Wilbur Little is on bass. Be advised that though Larkins' playing is mighty his sets are mini. Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten until three. Singer and pianist Norma Shepherd works with bassist John Williams on Sundays and Mondays.

TIN PALACE, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-0566)—A very pleasant hangout with a hectic music schedule and Saturday-afternoon poetry readings. There are lots of worthy small jazz groups that play here from time to time; the best things presented right now—Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27—are JOE LEE WILSON, a scorchingly intense jazz singer, and his backing crew. LEON THOMAS, another first-rate (and better-known) singer, will perform with his group, Full Circle, the following Friday and Saturday (Jan. 2-3).

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—New Year's Eve in the Grand Ballroom with GUY LOMBARDO and the Royal Canadians *and* ARETHA FRANKLIN. Can the Royal Canadians really play "Respect," "Chain of Fools," or "Until You Come Back to Me" behind Aretha? Music from nine to three. Dinner. Black tie.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A hanging tetrahedron made of plastic straws and pipe cleaners, stained-glass windows, and nicely constructed jazz by piano-bass duos help this restaurant sustain the interest its kitchen formerly aroused. Music from eight to two.

WEST END CAFÉ, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Visiting musical professors have their say on the subject of thirties and forties jazz every night of the week in this beer-and-burger café, Columbia's off-campus music-appreciation classroom. Mondays and Tuesdays, Eddie Durham, a trombonist and one of the very first jazz guitarists (he took up the instrument in the twenties), pianist Ram Ramirez, trumpeter Franc Williams, and drummer Shelton Gary perform. The regular Thursday- and Friday-night bop quintet is scheduled for New Year's Eve as well. Saturdays and Sundays have been claimed by tenor saxophonist Paul Quinichette, who still plays with a Lester Young complex, boogie-woogieist Sammy Price, saxophonist Harold Ashby, and, on drums, Oliver Jackson (Dec. 27-28) and Jo Jones (Jan. 3-4). The music starts at nine. All this and student food at student prices.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

MELISSA MANCHESTER—With Bill Crystal. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Saturday, Dec. 27, at 8.)

BARRY MANILOW—With the Flashy Ladies and others. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1718. Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 8.)

ART

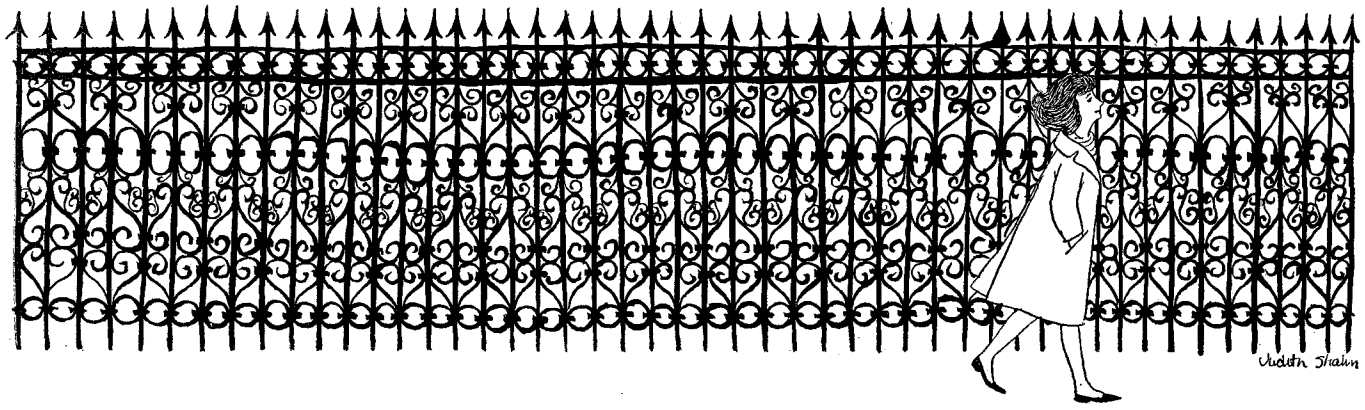
(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Christmas and New Year's Day. Some will close early on Christmas Eve and New Year's Eve.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

PEGGY BACON—Works, often humorous, ranging from her pastel portraits of the twenties to watercolors from a recent trip to Mexico. Through Saturday, Jan. 3. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

WALTER DARBY BANNARD—Recent color-field paintings, nearly all of them composed of long, overlapping vertical strokes of rich color. Through Jan. 7. (Knoedler Contemporary Art, 19 E. 70th St.)

LEONORA CARRINGTON—A retrospective of the whimsical oils and gouaches turned out by this English-born woman, who traces her artistic beginnings to the Surrealist school in Paris and who now lives in Mexico City. Through Jan. 4. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays and Wednesdays, noon to



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

6.)...¶Recent work. Through Wednesday, Dec. 31. (Iolas, in a new location, at 52 E. 57th St.)

JOHN SINGLETON COPLEY (1738-1815)—Lesser-known works immortalizing some beady-eyed, upwardly mobile Early Americans (and some of their wives and children) by this sui-generis Colonial portraitist, who was one of them. A benefit show. Through Saturday, Jan. 3. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

ARTHUR G. DOVE (1880-1946)—When Arthur Dove's abstracts were first shown in Chicago, in 1912, and it was explained to puzzled viewers that the works derived from nature, a columnist named Bert Leston Taylor wrote this jingle: "But Mr. Dove is far too keen/ To let a single bird be seen;/ To show the pigeons would not do/ And so he simply paints the coo." A selection of Dove's paintings is now on view at the Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. (through Saturday, Dec. 27), coincident with his major retrospective at the Whitney Museum.

LEE FRIEDLANDER AND JIM DINE—A series of photographs by Friedlander, each accompanied by a drawing in response to it by Dine. Through Saturday, Jan. 3. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

EDWARD GOREY—Forty-one meticulous pen-and-ink drawings that provide a new exploration of the Edwardian never-never land discovered by this artist. Through Wednesday, Dec. 31. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

WOLF KAHN—Quick, impressionistic pastel sketches of Venice, most of them done in 1973, by a painter whose usual beat is the New England countryside. Through Saturday, Dec. 27. (Carlton, 127 E. 69th St.)

KARL KORAB—Compositions by a young Austrian that contain elements derived from many antecedent Surrealists yet have an independent character of their own, not to mention excellent craftsmanship; first one-man show in New York. Through Feb. 7. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

ERICH MÜNCH—Precise colored-pencil drawings of surreal landscapes, some of them barren and some of them teeming with baby humanoids, and equally surreal interiors; first one-man show in New York. Through Jan. 7. (Griffin, 850 Madison Ave., at 70th St. Closed Friday, Dec. 26.)

CHARLES SHAW (1892-1974)—This artist got around to shaped canvases before there was a name for the genre, and in 1937 he was doing to a package of spearmint gum what Andy Warhol did to a Campbell's soup can a whole generation later; also, his writings graced the pages of *The New Yorker* in its formative years. A selection of this original's paintings, including some delicately poised abstracts, is now on view. Through Jan. 10. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

REUBEN TAM—Oils, acrylic watercolors, and crisp ink drawings of craggy promontories in Maine and Hawaii, where the shapes are similar but the colors are different. Through Saturday, Jan. 3. (Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St. Open Mondays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the ALONZO, 26 E. 63rd St.: Works in a variety of mediums by Ruth Eckstein, Lionel Gilbert, Frank Metz, and others. Through Saturday, Jan. 3.... ARTWEAVE, 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St.: Eleven nonfigurative American quilts, nearly half of them Amish specimens, the earliest dated 1850 and the latest 1920. Through Jan. 17.... BABCOCK, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Paintings and drawings by Hartley, Glackens, Maurer, and others. Through Wednesday, Dec. 31.... FORUM, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Realist paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Raphael Soyer, Bruno Lucchesi, David Levine, and others. Through Jan. 9. (Open Mondays.)... MC KEE, 140 E. 63rd St.: Paintings and drawings by Jake Berthot and Harvey Quaytman, and abstract floor sculptures in stone by Jim Huntington. Through Jan. 14.... NICHOLLS, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Cartoons and *New Yorker* covers by Charles Addams, Peter Arno, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Arthur Getz, Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, Mary Petty, George Price, Charles Saxon, William Steig, James Stevenson, R. Taylor, James Thurber, and Barney Tobey. Through Saturday, Jan. 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5:30.)... PERLS, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31	1	2	3

drawings by, among others, Braque, Tamayo, and Calder. Through Jan. 31.... SAIDENBERG, 16 E. 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Picasso, Léger, Feininger, Laurens, and others. Through Wednesday, Dec. 31. (Closed Saturdays.)... ZIERLER, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings by gallery regulars Ken Danby, Stephen Greene, Grace Hartigan, and others. Through Jan. 31.

SCULPTURE—Highly polished pieces—glass, stainless steel, bronze, and so forth—by artists associated with the gallery (Sahl Swarz and Barbara Lekberg, for instance) and by invited artists. Through Jan. 14. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

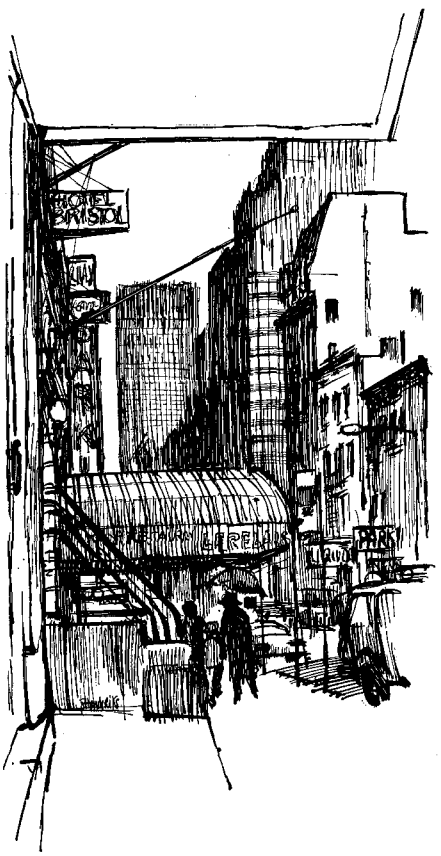
QUICK LIST—Other artists currently being shown uptown include: ALEXANDRA EXTER (1882-1949) at Hutton, 967 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:30. Closed Wednesdays, Dec. 24 and 31); NEWTON HARRISON and HELEN MAYER HARRISON at Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30); ERNST LUDWIG KIRCHNER (1880-1938) at Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6).

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

ARMAN—In a previous exhibit here, the artist showed a smashed violin embedded in concrete. This time he is showing drawings that are made by inking fragments of musical instruments, mostly cellos, and making stamped impressions on paper with them. Through Jan. 5. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

JOE BRAINARD—A dazzling display of some two *thousand* miniature collages (the largest is eight inches by ten), including a matchbook series and a postcard series, by this artist and poet. Through Jan. 10. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

RICHARD DIEBENKORN—Recent, thoughtful-looking abstractions that continue the "Ocean Park" series by this California artist. Through Saturday, Dec. 27. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)



JAMES HAGAN—Tulip, oak, and walnut are among the woods used in these large, abstract carved sculptures, which have a rough, unfinished quality; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Jan. 3. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

MARYAN—Grotesque heads, like tortured carnival masks, by a Polish-born survivor of the concentration camps. Through Friday, Jan. 2. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.)

RICHARD MAYHEW—Recent landscape paintings. Through Jan. 17. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

TERENCE NETTER—Abstract acrylic paintings, one or two of which contain figurative elements. Through Wednesday, Dec. 31. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Open Mondays.)

FAIRFIELD PORTER (1907-75)—Watercolors, dating from 1973 to 1975, in his comfortable, mellow, representational style. Through Jan. 6. (Alexander, in a new location, at 20 W. 57th St.)

JACK YOUNGERMAN / GEORGES NOËL—White fibreglass floor pieces. / Paintings of sharp-edged geometric forms, including one long and narrow work depicting overlapping rectangles. Through Saturday, Jan. 3. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the DE NAGY, 29 W. 57th St.: The first part of a twenty-fifth-anniversary celebration of this gallery's inception includes abstract paintings by Stanley Boxer, Ron Davis, and Robert Goodnough. Through Wednesday, Dec. 31.... EMMERICH, 41 E. 57th St.: Works on paper by Milton Avery, Lee Krasner, Al Held, and others. Through Jan. 6.... ESMAN, 29 W. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, and collages by such contemporaries as Arman, Christo, Wesselmann, and Frankenthaler which are small in scale but bear the unmistakable stamp of the artists. Through Jan. 10. (Closed Wednesday, Dec. 31.)... HUMBOLDT, 37 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by four West Coast artists. Through Jan. 10. (Closed Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27.)... KENNEDY, 40 W. 57th St.: Eighteenth-, nineteenth-, and twentieth-century American paintings by West, Marin, Hopper, and others. Through Jan. 17.

GALLERIES—SoHo

STEPHEN T. CHAPIN / MARK RENDLEMAN—Vertical and rather plain wall constructions made of wood which somehow seem to stand for rectitude. / Large, competently painted studies of rock—boulders, pebbles, strata of shale—some seen in simple piles and others beneath the surface of clear pools. Through Saturday, Dec. 27. (Lamagna, 380 West Broadway. Closed Wednesday, Dec. 24.)

JEANETTE CHUPACK—Vermont landscapes seen through windows of the artist's studio. Through Wednesday, Dec. 31. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

TERRY FUGATE-WILCOX—This Conceptualist proposes to build a huge concrete slab, an acre in area and twenty feet high, athwart the San Andreas fault in California and wait for movements in the earth's crust to break it in the middle. A scale model of the construction is exhibited, along with geodetic surveys of the area and an elaborate exposition of the project. Through Wednesday, Dec. 31. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

CHARLES GINNEVER—Two large-scale abstract steel sculptures. Through Wednesday, Dec. 31. (Sculpture Now, 142 Greene St.)

DON NICE / JOHN OKULICK—Realistic life-size, or larger, acrylic paintings of American animals (a bison, a bear, a longhorn steer, a wolf, and a deer), most of them surmounting a frieze of small watercolors on freely associated subjects—in the bear's case, some lollipops, a sneaker, a torn-open bag of marshmallows, and a view of the Hudson River Valley. / Cratelike constructions of raw wood bound together with rope which have a curious quality of perspective and are stuffed with finger-size twigs or sheafs of raffia. Through Jan. 7. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Closed Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27.)

GLADYS NILSSON—Arrays of attenuated, two-dimensional figures in dreamlike motion, done in pale watercolors. Through Saturday, Jan. 3. (Kind, 139 Spring St. Closed Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27.)

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MARIETTA WARNER SIEGEL—Figures, and parts of figures, done in cast Lucite in a sort of reverse bas-relief, like the frosted figures sculpted inside a piece of crystal. Through Tuesday, Dec. 30. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

GROUP SHOWS—At **14 SCULPTORS**, 75 Thompson St.: Gallery members Jane Schneider, John McNally, Nancy Azara, and others exhibiting works in a variety of mediums. Through Wednesday, Dec. 31. . . . **LANDMARK**, 469 Broome St.: Small paintings and sculptures, arranged salon style, by more than a hundred artists. Through Jan. 8. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

QUICK LIST—Other artists currently showing their work in SoHo include: **IVAN BIRO** and **LUCY BROWN** at 55 Mercer Street Gallery (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6); **STEVE HODGES** at First Street Gallery, 118 Prince St. (Through Wednesday, Dec. 31. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6); **BILL RODWELL** and **SUE SENCER** at Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5. Closed Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 24-26).

OTHER GALLERIES

RALPH LEE—A nine-foot lion and a life-size dragon are among the figures being shown by this artist, who turns out such creatures for theatrical performances and community festivals. Through Jan. 14. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 3.)

RUCKUS MANHATTAN—A huge and very funny three-dimensional caricature of Lower Manhattan and some of its high rises and lowlifes, built by Red Grooms, Mimi Grooms, and twenty-two other artists, which can be touched, climbed on, and walked through. Through Jan. 20. (88 Pine St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 2; Saturdays, noon to 3:30.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **AFRICAN-AMERICAN INSTITUTE**, 833 United Nations Plaza, at 47th St.: A travelling exhibit of traditional African art, on loan from the government of Zaïre. Through Jan. 31. (Open Mondays.). . . **FEIDEN**, 51 E. 10th St.: Boris Aronson, Ruth Gikow, Al Hirschfeld, Raphael Soyer, and others are exhibiting paintings, drawings, and graphics. Through Jan. 31. (Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.). . . **WESTBETH**, 155 Bank St.: Works in a variety of mediums by members of this artists' coöperative. Through Sunday, Dec. 28. (Fridays, 5 to 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 2 to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

BERNHARD AND HILLA BECHER—About eighty pictures of industrial plants in Pennsylvania coalfields. Through Jan. 22. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Daily, except Wednesdays and Christmas, 11 to 6.)

EUGENE BUECHEL (1874-1954)—Photographs of the Rosebud and Pine Ridge Indian Reservations taken between 1922 and 1942 by a South Dakota Jesuit priest and teacher. Through Feb. 8. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Daily, except Wednesdays and Christmas, 11 to 6.)

GARY HALLMAN / JOE DEAL—Outsize black-and-white prints of, for example, ice cream melting, lettuce compressed under glass, hands holding ice; also a group of pictures made from scratched negatives. / Photographs of back yards taken from elevated points. Through Jan. 10. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27.)

LOUIS LANZANO—Street photographs taken blind with a wide-angle camera strapped to his wrist. Through Jan. 10. (Foto, 492 Broome St. Fridays and Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

BARBARA JO REVELLE AND RICHARD EDELMAN—Composite prints in black-and-white and in color. Through Jan. 15. (Midtown Y Gallery, 344 E. 14th St. Sundays through Thursdays, including Christmas, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

MAX WALDMAN—Photographs of theatrical performers, dancers, and nudes. Through Wednesday, Dec. 31. (Gruenebaum, 25 E. 77th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **CAMERA CLUB**, 37 E. 60th St.: Photographs of a wide variety of subject matter by members. Through Jan. 12. (Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 6.). . . **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Fifty-six photographs of Chicago immigrants and workers that may or may not have been taken by Lewis W. Hine (1874-1940) but that do reflect his period. . . . ¶ Color photographs of the American scene by Ernst Haas. Both exhibitions through Jan. 11. (Open Sundays and New Year's Day.) . . . **JANIS**, 6 W. 57th St.: A show called "Women of Photography." Cameron, Käsebier, Johnston, Modotti, Jacobi, Lange, Morgan, Ulmann, Cunningham, and Arbus are some of the biggest guns, and there is also work by lesser-known nineteenth-century and contemporary practitioners—fifty in all, each represented by five prints. Through Saturday, Jan. 3. (Open Mondays.). . . **KORNBLEE**, 20 W. 57th St.: An exhibit tracing sixty years of fashion photography, with examples by Edward Steichen, Cecil Beaton, Deborah Turbeville, and others. Through Jan. 8. . . . **MARLBOROUGH**, 40 W. 57th St.: A show of landscapes and plant studies by, among others, Eugène Atget, Edward Weston, Alfred Stieglitz, Edward Steichen, Arnold Genthe, Cecil Beaton, Ansel Adams, Berenice Abbott, and William Garnett. Through Saturday, Dec. 27. . . . **WITKIN**, 243 E. 60th St.: A hundred prints by ten photographers, among them Ansel Adams, Imogen Cunningham, Walker Evans, and Edward Weston. Through Jan. 10. . . . **ZABRISKIE**, 29 W. 57th St.: Photographs of artists, taken by Brassaï, Man Ray, Albert E. Gallatin, and Alexander Liberman, among others. Through Saturday, Jan. 3.

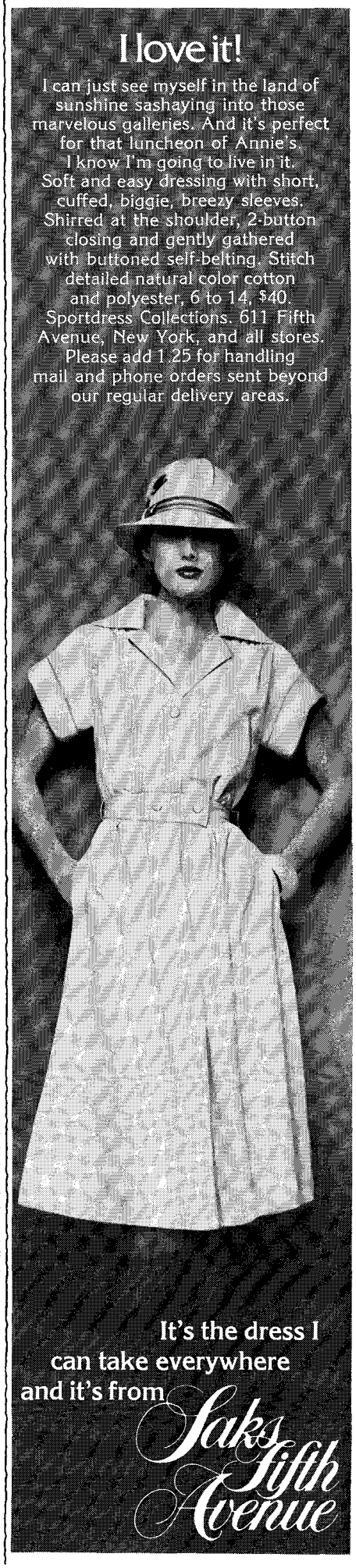
MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Portraits of, and clothing worn by, ten American women—Isadora Duncan, Josephine Baker, and Irene Langhorne Gibson among them—noted for their innovation and elegance in dress. . . . ¶ The museum has acquired about twenty thousand art works in the last ten years, and of these, five hundred have been selected to illustrate, along with descriptive panels, how this institution goes about amassing its collections. Through March 23. . . . ¶ A private collection of Japanese paintings, ranging from thirteenth-century scrolls to nineteenth-century folding screens, and other art objects. Through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ Another private collection: classical, Egyptian, and Near Eastern antiquities. Through March 23. . . . ¶ Twenty-seven recent paintings by Hans Hartung. Through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ Eighty-six newly acquired drawings by European artists, in a selection that has examples dating from the Italian Renaissance to the late nineteenth century. Through Jan. 4. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas and New Year's Day, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—About two hundred nineteenth-century architectural drawings, from the Ecole des Beaux-Arts. Also on view: photographs of French and American buildings that incorporate Beaux-Arts ideas. Through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ "Print-sequence," an exhibition of prints by Rauschenberg, Nolde, Lichtenstein, and others demonstrating variations within a series. Each print in an Andy Warhol series, for example, reproduces the image of Mao Tse-tung in a different color. Through Jan. 18. . . . ¶ A selection of objects acquired during the last couple of years for the museum's design collection, including wrought-iron pieces and ceramics. Through Jan. 11. . . . ¶ Photographs of Midwestern Indian reservations. Through Feb. 8. . . . ¶ Photographs of Pennsylvania coal-screening plants by Bernhard and Hilla Becher. Through Jan. 22. (Daily, except Wednesdays and Christmas, 11 to 6.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the work of Aristide Maillol, including bronzes (among them about two dozen monumental pieces), terra-cottas, paintings, drawings, tapestries, and illustrated books. Through March 21. (Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, except Christmas, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A retrospective of the abstract sculptures of Mark di Suvero. The smaller pieces are on exhibit in the museum, and fourteen monumental pieces have been installed in open spaces in all five boroughs. Through Feb. 8. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the paintings, assemblages, and drawings of one of the earliest American abstractionists, Arthur G. Dove. Through Jan. 18. A complementary show (ending Saturday) is at Terry Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. . . . ¶ Paintings and sculptures drawn from the collections of this country's


I love it!
I can just see myself in the land of sunshine sashaying into those marvelous galleries. And it's perfect for that luncheon of Annie's. I know I'm going to live in it. Soft and easy dressing with short, cuffed, biggie, breezy sleeves. Shirred at the shoulder, 2-button closing and gently gathered with buttoned self-belting. Stitch detailed natural color cotton and polyester, 6 to 14, $40. Sportdress Collections. 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores. Please add 1.25 for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.
It's the dress I can take everywhere and it's from
Saks Fifth Avenue

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oldest art institution, the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, along with material documenting the academy's history. Some of the artists included are Peale, Eakins, Sheeler, and Calder. Through Feb. 22. (Weekdays, except Christmas, 11 to 6; Tuesday evenings, 6 to 10, with no admission charge; Sundays and New Year's Day, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century silhouettes on paper and glass, from the museum's collection. Through Feb. 22. . . . ¶ A show recording American and European men's and boys' fashions from the seventeenth century to the present day. Through Jan. 18. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, except New Year's Day, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5; Christmas, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The new hall devoted to the mollusk surveys both its biology and its uses—practical and decorative—by human cultures throughout history. One example on view: a Henry Moore sculpture of a woman wearing a skirt made from a cast of an oyster shell. (Weekdays, except Christmas, 10 to 4:45; Sundays and New Year's Day, 11 to 5.)

American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—The annual exhibition of paintings from which a selection will be made, under a Childe Hassam bequest, for distribution to museums in the United States and Canada, combined with a showing of paintings that were purchased by the fund between 1946 and 1973. Among the artists are Robert Bidner, Robert La Hotan, and Isabel Bishop. Through Jan. 4. (Daily, except Mondays, Christmas, and New Year's Day, 1 to 4.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—An exhibition of clay, stone, jade, and bronze figurines found in Chinese tombs dating from the third century through the sixth. Through Feb. 1. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5, Sundays, 2 to 5. Closed Christmas, Friday, Dec. 26, and New Year's Day.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Jewish Experience in the Art of the Twentieth Century," an exhibit of paintings, sculptures, and graphics by Chagall, Shahn, Soutine, Weber, Nevelson, and others. Through Jan. 25. (Mondays through Thursdays, including Christmas and New Year's Day, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6. Additional hours for this exhibit: Wednesday evening, Dec. 24, until 9.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—More than a hundred drawings from the Thaw collection, including examples by Rembrandt, Watteau, Degas, and Cézanne. . . . ¶ Charles Lamb's bicentenary is marked by a small show of autograph manuscripts, letters, and first editions. Both exhibitions through Feb. 15. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas and New Year's Day, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5. Closes Wednesdays, Dec. 24 and 31, at noon.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Paintings of New York City by fifty leading artists associated with the Art Students League (this year marking its centenary). Through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ William Auerbach-Levy's caricatures of John Barrymore, Lynn Fontanne, Ethel Waters, and other stars of the theatre. Through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ Two hundred steam-powered toys, preponderantly from the late nineteenth century, about a dozen of which are in operation. Through March 28. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, 10 to 5; Sundays and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Genre paintings and folk art detailing daily life in nineteenth-century America. . . . ¶ A scale model of an eighteenth-century New York City mansion, complete with furnishings and inhabitants. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5. Closed Christmas and New Year's Day.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Early manuscripts and printed editions by American writers, ranging from Benjamin Franklin to Walt Whitman, from the Berg Collection. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas and New Year's Day, 9 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Dec. 24: "Carmen," with Régine Crespin, Leona Mitchell, William Lewis, and Jose van Dam; conducted by Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Thursday matinée, Dec. 25: "Hansel and Gretel," with Christine Weidinger, Rosalind Elias, Jean Kraft, Andrea Velis, and William Walker; Franz Allers. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 26: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Elinor Ross, Rita Shane, Maureen Forrester, Barry Morell, and Sherrill Milnes; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 27: "Hansel and Gretel," with Christine Weidinger, Rosalind Elias, Jean Kraft, Andrea Velis, and William Walker; Franz Allers. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 27: "Il Trittico," consisting of three short operas—"Il Tabarro," with Teresa Kubiak, Lili Chookasian, Harry Theyard, and Cornell MacNeil; "Suor Angelica," with Gilda Cruz-Romo and Lili Chookasian; and "Gianni Schicchi," with Evelyn Mandac, Lili Chookasian, Cornell MacNeil, Raymond Gibbs, and Raymond Michalski; Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Dec. 29: "Boris Godunov," with Mignon Dunn, Jerome Hines, Misha Raitzin, Robert Nagy, Andrea Velis, William Dooley, Lenus Carlson, Richard T. Gill, and Raymond Michalski; Kazimierz Kord. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Dec. 30: "Cosi Fan Tutte," with Clarice Carson, Huguette Tourangeau, Colette Boky, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Lenus Carlson, and Fernando Corena; Kazimierz Kord. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 31: "Tosca" (a performance in honor of the thirtieth anniversary of Dorothy Kirsten's Metropolitan Opera début), with Miss Kirsten, John Alexander, Tito Gobbi, and Fernando Corena. (A nonsubscription performance.). . . ¶ Thursday matinée, Jan. 1: "Hansel and Gretel," with Evelyn Mandac, Rosalind Elias, Jean Kraft, Andrea Velis, and William Walker; Franz Allers. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 2: "Fidelio," with Gwyneth Jones, Judith Blegen, Jess Thomas, Donald McIntyre, John Macurdy, James Morris, and Kenneth Riegel; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 3: "Il Trittico"—"Il Tabarro," with Teresa Kubiak, Lili Chookasian, Harry Theyard, and Cornell MacNeil; "Suor Angelica," with Gilda Cruz-Romo and Lili Chookasian; and "Gianni Schicchi," with Evelyn Mandac, Lili Chookasian, Ezio Flagello, Raymond Gibbs, and Raymond Michalski; Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 3: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Elinor Ross, Rita Shane, Jean Kraft, Barry Morell, and Sherrill Milnes; Henry Lewis. (Evenings at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2, and Thursdays, Dec. 25 and Jan. 1, at 5.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—Following a brief vacation, the orchestra will resume its concerts at Avery Fisher Hall next week. William Steinberg conducting on Tuesday, Dec. 30, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Zdenek Macal conducting on Thursday, Jan. 1, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 2, at 2; Saturday, Jan. 3, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Jan. 6, at 7:30.

New York String Orchestra—Alexander Schneider conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 24, at midnight, and Tuesday, Dec. 30, at 8.)

New York Chamber Soloists—A group of musicians who perform without a conductor. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Dec. 27, at 8, presenting the cycle of Bach's Brandenburg Concertos. . . . ¶ Medieval Sculpture Court, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Monday, Dec. 29, at 5:30 and 8:30, an all-Mozart program, with Jean Hakes, soprano.)

RECITALS

Waverly Consort—A program of Renaissance Christmas music. (Medieval Sculpture Court, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Sunday, Dec. 28, at 8:30.)

Tashi—With Renée Siebert, flute; Joseph Silverstein, violin; and Buell Neidlinger, contrabass. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Dec. 29, at 8.)

Sylvia Marlowe—Harpsichord, with Doris Ornstein, also harpsichord, and Catharina Meints, viola da gamba. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 30, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—The third in a series of six programs presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Jan. 2, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Coffee Concert—Paula Robison, flute, and Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord, will play the third in a series of six hour-long concerts (this one a program of Bach sonatas), after which the artists mingle with the audience over coffee. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 3, at 4.)

Garrick Ohlsson—Piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Jan. 3, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Philadelphia, Thursday, Dec. 25, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. New Orleans, Saturday, Dec. 27, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Phoenix, Tuesday, Dec. 30, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Buffalo, Saturday, Jan. 3, at 8. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Nets vs. St. Louis, Friday, Dec. 26, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Nets vs. San Antonio, Friday, Jan. 2, at 8:05.

Hockey—At **madison square garden:** Rangers vs. the Central Army team from Russia, in an exhibition game, Sunday, Dec. 28, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Atlanta Flames, Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 7:35. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Tuesday, Dec. 30, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Saturday, Jan. 3, at 8:05.

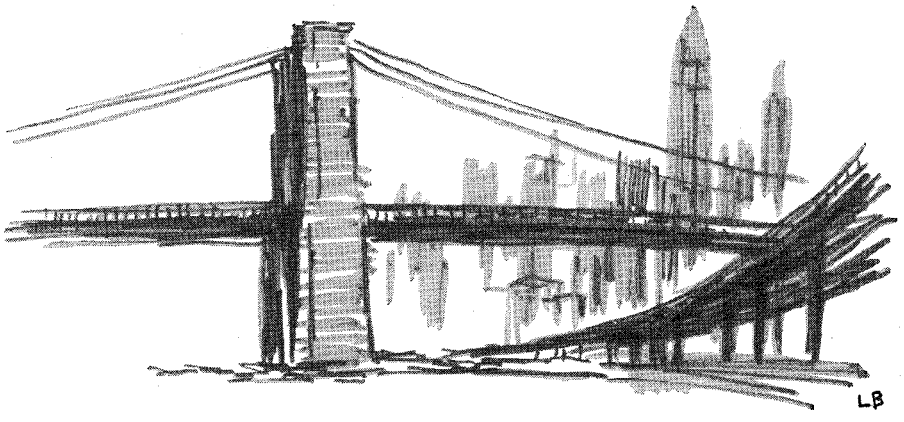
Racing—At **aqueduct:** Weekdays at 12:30, from Friday, Jan. 2, through Saturday, May 15. The Paumonok Handicap, Saturday, Jan. 3. . . . **laurel,** Md.: Weekdays at 12:30, except Wednesday, Dec. 24, and Christmas, when there will be no racing; through Wednesday, Dec. 31. . . . **bowie,** Md.: Weekdays at 1, from Friday, Jan. 2, through Friday, March 12.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays, except Christmas Eve and Christmas, at 8; through Saturday, March 6.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

Poetry Readings—Tadeusz Rózewicz reading from his own works, in Polish, with English translations read by Mark Strand. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Tuesday, Dec. 30, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Dec. 24: "Five Easy Pieces" and "Carnal Knowledge."
From Dec. 25: "Dog Day Afternoon."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Dec. 24: "Farewell, My Lovely" and "Russian Roulette."
Dec. 25-31: "Jaws."
From Jan. 1 (tentative): "Hard Times" and another feature, to be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Dec. 30: "Seven Alone."
From Dec. 31: "Alice's Restaurant" and "Zachariah."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Dec. 24: "The Seduction of Mimi" and "Love and Anarchy."
From Dec. 25: "Jaws."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Dec. 24: "Swept Away."
From Dec. 25: "The Hindenburg."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Dec. 25: "Treasure Island" and "Pinocchio."
From Dec. 26: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" and "Dr. Syn Alias the Scarecrow."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Killer Elite."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Dec. 24: "The Human Factor."
From Dec. 25: "Lucky Lady."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The Story of O" (X-rated).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Hester Street."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Barry Lyndon."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Man Who Would Be King."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"The Naughty Victorians" (X-rated).

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Story of Joanna" (X-rated).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Bugs Bunny Superstar."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Story of Adèle H."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Lost Honor of Katharina Blum."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Dec. 24: "Hearts of the West."
From Dec. 25: "The Black Bird."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Dec. 24: "The Other Side of the Mountain."
From Dec. 25: "The Black Bird."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Special Section."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Distance."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Adventure of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Dec. 24: "French Connection II."
From Dec. 25: "Jaws."

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Dec. 24: "A Man and a Woman."
From Dec. 25: "Let's Do It Again."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Swept Away."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Adventures of the Wilderness Family."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Dec. 24: "Seven Alone."
From Dec. 25: "Dog Day Afternoon."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Dec. 24: "Mahogany."
From Dec. 25: "The Hindenburg."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Dec. 24: "Three Days of the Condor."
From Dec. 25: "Hustle."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Killer Elite."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Dec. 24: "The Reincarnation of Peter Proud" and "Sisters."
From Dec. 25: "Aaron Loves Angela."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through Dec. 25: "Treasure Island" and "Pinocchio."
From Dec. 26: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" and "Dr. Syn Alias the Scarecrow."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Three Days of the Condor."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"Nashville."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Killer Elite."

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Dec. 30 at one or another of the theatres: "Rancho Deluxe" and "Quackser Fortune Has a Cousin in the Bronx"/"Swept Away"/Two X-rated films/A program of fifteen French films.
From Dec. 31: To be announced.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Adventures of the Wilderness Family."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"The Sunshine Boys."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Barry Lyndon."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"The Magic Flute."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Dec. 24: "Farewell, My Lovely" and "Russian Roulette."
Dec. 25-31: "Jaws."
From Jan. 1: "Hard Times" and "The Lords of Flatbush."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Adventure of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Lies My Father Told Me."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"I Am a Dancer."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Bugs Bunny Superstar."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Swept Away."

Loews 83rd St. 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Three Days of the Condor."
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 25: "Treasure Island" and "Pinocchio." From Dec. 26: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" and "Dr. Syn Alias the Scarecrow."
Theatre 3: "The Adventures of the Wilderness Family."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Dec. 24: "Murder She Said" and "Murder at the Gallop."
From Dec. 25: "Monty Python and the Holy Grail."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Dec. 24: "Once Is Not Enough" and "The Gambler."
From Dec. 25: "Dog Day Afternoon."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
"The Hiding Place."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Dec. 30: "The Adventures of the Wilderness Family."
From Dec. 31: "Benji" (matinées only). "Le Fantôme de la Liberté" and "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie" (evening performances only).

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres show revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Dec. 24: "Bed and Board" (1971) and "Two English Girls" (1972), both films in French, directed by François Truffaut, and with Jean-Pierre Léaud.
Dec. 25: "The Importance of Being Earnest" (1952), directed by Anthony Asquith, with Michael Redgrave and Joan Greenwood; and "Pygmalion" (1938), directed by Anthony Asquith and Leslie Howard, with Mr. Howard and Wendy Hiller.
Dec. 26: "Metropolis" (†) and "Spies." (†)
Dec. 27: "Women in Love" (1970), directed by Ken Russell, with Alan Bates, Oliver Reed, and Glenda Jackson; and "Sunday Bloody Sunday" (1971), directed by John Schlesinger, with Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head.
Dec. 28: "The Red Shoes" (1948), directed by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger, with Moira Shearer and Léonide Massine; and "The Lovers of Teruel." (†)
Dec. 29: "Lola Montès" (1955), in French, directed by Max Ophuls, with Martine Carol, Peter Ustinov, and Anton Walbrook; and "The Earrings of Madame De . . ." (1953), in French, directed by Max Ophuls, with Charles Boyer and Danielle Darrieux.
Dec. 30: "The Front Page" (†) and "His Girl Friday." (†)
Dec. 31: "Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me" (1973), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Bernadette Lafont; and "Day for Night" (1973), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jacqueline Bisset, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jean-Pierre Léaud, and Valentina Cortese.
Jan. 1: "California Split" (†) and "McCabe & Mrs. Miller" (1971), directed by Robert Altman, with Warren Beatty and Julie Christie.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Dec. 24: "Becky Sharp" (1935), directed by Rouben Mamoulian, with Miriam Hopkins; and "Madame Bovary" (1934), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Valentine Tessier and Pierre Renoir.
Dec. 25: "Beauty and the Beast" (1946), in French, directed by Jean Cocteau, with Jean Marais and Josette Day; and "Beauty and the Devil" (1949), in French, directed by René Clair, with Michel Simon and Gérard Philipe.
Dec. 26: "Rebecca" (1940), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Joan Fontaine and Laurence Olivier; and "Jamaica Inn." (†)
Dec. 27: "Death in Venice" (1971) and "The Damned" (1969), both films directed by Luchino Visconti, with Dirk Bogarde.
Dec. 28: "Funny Face" (1957), directed by Stanley Donen, with Audrey Hepburn and Fred Astaire; and "Top Hat." (†)
Dec. 29: "The Wild One" (1954), directed by Laslo Benedek, with Marlon Brando, Mary Murphy, and Lee Marvin; and "On the Waterfront." (†)
Dec. 30: "The Tsar's Bride" (1966), in Russian, performed by the Bolshoi Opera Company; and "Boris Godunov." (†)
Dec. 31: "Sunset Boulevard" (1950), directed by Billy Wilder, with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim; and "Some Like It Hot." (†)
Jan. 1: "Modern Times" (1936) and "City Lights" (1931), both films directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Dec. 24: "It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad

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World" (1963), directed by Stanley Kramer, with Spencer Tracy; and "The Russians Are Coming, The Russians Are Coming" (1966), directed by Norman Jewison, with Carl Reiner, Alan Arkin, and Brian Keith.

Dec. 25: "Romeo and Juliet" (1966) and "An Evening with the Royal Ballet" (1965), both films with performances by Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev.

Dec. 26-27: "Woodstock" (1970), a film of the 1969 festival, directed by Michael Wadleigh; and "Steelyard Blues." (†)

Dec. 28: "The Boys in the Band" (1970), directed by William Friedkin; and "The Killing of Sister George." (†)

Dec. 29: "Greetings" (†) and "Hi, Mom!" (†)

Dec. 30: "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis" (1970), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica, with Dominique Sanda and Helmut Berger; and "The Bicycle Thief" (1949), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica.

Dec. 31: "Contempt" (1964), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Brigitte Bardot, Fritz Lang, Michel Piccoli, and Jack Palance; and "Pierrot le Fou" (1965), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Anna Karina.

Jan. 1: "Little Big Man" (1970), directed by Arthur Penn, with Dustin Hoffman; and "Will Penny" (1968), directed by Tom Gries, with Charlton Heston and Joan Hackett.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Dec. 24: Theatre closed.

Dec. 25-27: "The Guardsman" (1931), directed by Sidney Franklin, with Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt; and "Grand Hotel" (1932), directed by Edmund Goulding, with Greta Garbo and John Barrymore.

Dec. 28: "One Hour with You" (†) and "The Love Parade." (†)

Dec. 29-31: "Susan and God" (†) and "Two-Faced Woman." (†)

From Jan. 1: "Swing Time" (1936), directed by George Stevens, with Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire; and "Shall We Dance" (1937), directed by Mark Sandrich, with Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Dec. 26 at 2: "Do You Know Urban?" (1971), in German, directed by Ingrid Reschke; English subtitles. ... ¶ Dec. 26 at 5:30: "The Blot" (1921), directed by Lois Weber, with Claire Windsor and Louis Calhern. ... ¶ Dec. 27 at noon: "The 5,000 Fingers of Dr. T." (1953), directed by Roy Rowland, with Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy. ... ¶ Dec. 27 at 3: "The Devil's Elixir" (1973), in German, directed by Ralf Kirsten; English subtitles. ... ¶ Dec. 27 at 5:30: "The Legend of Paul and Paula" (1973), in German, directed by Heiner Carow; English subtitles. ... ¶ Dec. 28 at noon: "The 5,000 Fingers of Dr. T." ... ¶ Dec. 28 at 3: "The Naked Man in the Playing Field" (1974), in German, directed by Konrad Wolf; English subtitles. ... ¶ Dec. 28 at 5:30: "The 400 Blows" (1959), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jean-Pierre Léaud; English subtitles. ... ¶ Dec. 29 at 2: "The Blot." ... ¶ Dec. 29 at 5:30: "The Naked Man in the Playing Field." ... ¶ Dec. 30 at 2: "The Bohemian Girl" (1936), directed by James W. Horne and Charles Rogers, with Laurel and Hardy. ... ¶ Jan. 1 at 2: "Kitty Foyle" (1940), directed by Sam Wood, with Ginger Rogers and Dennis Morgan. ... ¶ Jan. 1 at 5:30: Two films directed for TV by Steven Spielberg—"Something Evil" (1973), with Sandy Dennis and Darren McGavin, and "Duel" (1972), with Dennis Weaver. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing. Tickets for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 7:30.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Dec. 27: "Woman to Woman," directed by Donna Deitch; and "Being a Prisoner," directed by Suzanne Jasper. ... ¶ Starting Dec. 28: A retrospective of all ten animated films by Winsor McCay, done between 1911 and 1921. Showings at noon (except Tuesday), 2, and 4 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Christmas.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Vertov, Sonbert, Ozu, Riefenstahl, Vigo, Murnau, Renoir, Cort, Valentin, Murphy, Méliès, Brakhage, Anger, and others. Showings Dec. 24 at 6, 7:30, and 10; Dec. 25 at 6 and 8; Dec. 26 at 6, 8, and 10; Dec. 27 at 2:30, 6, 8, and 10; Dec. 28 at 8; Dec. 30 at 6, 8, and 10; and Dec. 31-Jan. 1 at 6 and 8.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—Jan. 1-4 at 8: Two films each by Kent Hodgetts and Vickie Z. Peterson.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

Aaron Loves Angela—With Moses Gunn, Kevin Hooks, and Robert Hooks; directed by Gordon Parks, Jr. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; starting Dec. 25.)

The Adventure of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother—Gene Wilder's talent is evident in the many nice leafy touches, but in his first attempt at a tripleheader (writer-director-star) he gets bogged down in an over-elaborate production. The idea has mouth-watering possibilities, but they aren't developed. With Madeline Kahn, Marty Feldman, Dom DeLuise, and Leo McKern. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/22/75.) (Loews Tower East, and Little Carnegie.)

The Adventures of the Wilderness Family—With Robert F. Logan, directed by Stewart Raffill. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Guild, and Loews 83rd St. ... ¶ Olympia; through Dec. 30.)

Alice's Restaurant (1969)—Arthur Penn's extension of Arlo Guthrie's talking-blues record, "The Alice's Restaurant Massacree." Made with attractive simplicity and with great affection for the hippies' humor. (Cinema Village; starting Dec. 31.)

Barry Lyndon—With Ryan O'Neal and Marisa Berenson, directed by Stanley Kubrick. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Baronet, and Ziegfeld.)

Benji—Loyalty tale about a mongrel, supposedly for children but hardly for anybody. (Olympia; starting Dec. 31, matinées only.)

The Black Bird—With George Segal and Stéphane Audran, directed by David Giler. (Columbia I, and Columbia II; starting Dec. 25.)

Boris Godunov (1955)—Elaborate, faithful recreation of the Moussorgsky-Pushkin opera. A. Pirogov is Boris. Directed by V. Stroyeva. In Russian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 30.)

Bugs Bunny Superstar—A collection of ten Warner Brothers Looney Tunes cartoons, including Bugs Bunny, Elmer Fudd, Tweety-Pie, and others. (D. W. Griffith, and Regency.)

California Split (1974)—Robert Altman's beautiful, smoky, funny film about gambling, with Elliott Gould as a retaliatory-minded joker and George Segal as a magazine writer with something clenched about him. The film seems to be being improvised; we catch at events and personalities by the ends of threads. The sound track of Joseph Walsh's first-rate screenplay is full of murmurs and densely packed with talk, recorded on eight tracks, often with eleven mikes going at once. A comic, loose-limbed film, with a kindly eye for the out-of-step. (8/19/74) (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 1.)

Carnal Knowledge (1971)—A grimly purposeful satire about depersonalization and how we use each other sexually as objects. In Mike Nichols' cold, slick, emphatic style, it is like a neon sign that spells out the soullessness of neon. From a script by Jules Feiffer, with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret. (Art; Dec. 24.)

The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie (1972)—Luis Buñuel's most frivolously witty movie, directed with exhilarating ease. He is no longer savage about the hypocrisy and inanity of the privileged classes; he has grown almost fond of their follies—the way one can grow fond of the snarls and the silliness of vicious pets. The discreetly charming amoral beasts gathered here include Stéphane Audran, Julien Bertheau (as the bishop), Fernando Rey, Delphine Seyrig, and Jean-Pierre Cassel. In French. (Olympia; starting Dec. 31, evening performances only.)

Distance—With Paul Benjamin, directed by Anthony Lover. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Dr. Syn Alias the Scarecrow—With Patrick McGoohan, directed by James Neilson. (34th St. East, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Loews 83rd St.; starting Dec. 26.)

Dog Day Afternoon—Sidney Lumet's intelligent though overgalvanized farce about a Brooklyn bank robbery carried out by Al Pacino as a homosexual named Sonny, and John Cazale as a droop-haired, literary-looking ex-con. The pure show-biz energy of the tale—based on a real New York episode—takes it sometimes into the realm of Broadway-comedy glibness, but the mask of frenetic cliché doesn't spoil moments of pure reporting on people in extremity. (9/22/75) (Art, U. A. East, and Symphony; starting Dec. 25.)

Le Fantôme de la Liberté (1974)—Buñuel's theme is freedom, in the sense of chance: the picture is a random series of anecdotes and paradoxes, and they miss as often as they connect. Buñuel has a great tonic style, but this is piffle. The actors come on in relays; the cast includes Monica Vitti, Jean-Claude Brialy, and Adriana Asti. In French. (10/28/74) (Olympia; starting Dec. 31, evening performances only.)

Farewell, My Lovely—And goodbye to this gorged latest remake of Raymond Chandler, too. With Robert Mitchum and Charlotte Rampling, directed by Dick Richards. (9/1/75) (St. Marks Cinema, and Playboy; Dec. 24.)

Five Easy Pieces (1970)—Jack Nicholson plays the throw-out of a gifted, sedate family of musicians. He has the same musical gift, but prefers to squander it as he squanders his life. He has a delicate ear for auspicious beginnings, and when time gives out on him he knows how to run. Bob Rafelson directed. (Art; Dec. 24.)

French Connection II—Directed by John Frankenheimer (the first film was William Friedkin's), with Gene Hackman cast again as Popeye Doyle, the foul-mouthed killer cop of New York, who is now in Marseilles. Photographed by Claude Renoir (nephew of Jean Renoir) with too many slam-bang closeups. Visually as well as morally, the film makes you uncertain where its feet are. (6/2/75) (72nd Street East; Dec. 24.)

The Front Page (1931)—The first movie version, directed by Lewis Milestone, stays closer to the Hecht-and-MacArthur play than the Howard Hawks version or the new one by Billy Wilder. The play is a dialogue comedy, but dialogue of the speediest, most rapid-fire variety, which succeeds in this film as it does on the stage. Adolphe Menjou is sharp and adroit as Walter Burns; Pat O'Brien is a trace too stolid as Hildy Johnson. As the heroine, Mary Brian makes her occasional wan entrances; Edward Everett Horton is the fastidious health-crank reporter. With Mae Clarke as the neurotic prostitute, and Walter Catlett. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 30.)

The Gambler (1974)—The gambler here is a brilliant young Jewish prince, professor of literature to ghetto blacks, and potential great novelist. For what it is, the movie (written by James Toback) is extremely well done; it's what it is that won't do. Although Karel Reisz's direction is smooth and proficient, and James Caan's performance is a commanding one, and the action is compelling, the whole thing is too airless and schematic to be convincing. (10/14/74) (Symphony; Dec. 24.)

Greetings (1968)—A pleasantly tawdry mixture of an underground film, a skin-flick, and a college revue, with a draft-evader hero and good-humored, casually obscene performances from a whole gallery of talented performers, including Robert De Niro, Gerrit Graham, and Allen Garfield. Directed by Brian De Palma, who made the whole thing on a shoestring of less than forty thousand dollars. (Elgin; Dec. 29.)

Hard Times—This first feature directed by the young screenwriter Walter Hill is unusually effective pulp—perhaps even great pulp. Looking like an authentic Depression worker, Charles Bronson plays an aging itinerant who hooks up with a gambler (James Coburn) and fights—bare-fisted, no-holds-

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barred—for gambling stakes. Hill gets our hearts pounding in fear that this loner-hero will be hurt or vanquished, but you don't resent the film's grip on you, because Hill respects the loner-underdog myth. Shot on locations in and around New Orleans; with Strother Martin as a hophead medic, and Jill Ireland. (10/6/75) (Playboy; starting Jan. 1. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; starting Jan. 1, tentative.)

Hearts of the West—Jeff Bridges is just the right actor to play Lewis Tater, an Iowa farm boy who writes Western stories and aspires to be like his idol, Zane Grey. Lewis leaves home in 1929, heads toward the land of his purple-prose dreams, and stumbles into a job as a stunt man in Western pictures directed by a penny-pinching hysteric played by Alan Arkin. This nostalgia comedy has an eccentric enchantment to it. The troupe of cowboy actors, headed by Andy Griffith, is the most engaging ensemble since the Dead End Kids, and the heroine, a script girl, is played by wide-eyed Blythe Danner, who is reminiscent of both Margaret Sullavan and Jean Arthur. Howard Zieff directed, from Rob Thompson's script. (10/13/75) (Columbia I; Dec. 24.)

Hester Street—A modest comedy about the assimilation process among a group of Russian-Jewish immigrants living on the lower East Side in 1896. Independently made, this first feature by the writer-director Joan Micklin Silver begins lamely, but it wins one over. Carol Kane is lovely as the timid, pious, rejected wife of a sweatshop worker who has broken away from the Old World traditions she represents. Mel Howard plays Bernstein, the scholarly boarder who loves her. (11/24/75) (Plaza.)

The Hiding Place—With Julie Harris, Eileen Heckart, and Arthur O'Connell; directed by James F. Collier. (Thalia.)

Hi, Mom! (1970)—A breezy, cant film by Brian De Palma, about—well, what's happening, and this is where it's at, and right on. A white boy back from Vietnam and dully crazed by New York capitalism takes to making blue movies and then acts with a modish revolutionary theatrical company called "Be Black, Baby." The inanities are sometimes funny, sometimes pretty forced. (Elgin; Dec. 29.)

The Hindenburg—With George C. Scott and Anne Bancroft, directed by Robert Wise. (Murray Hill, and Loews Orpheum; starting Dec. 25.)

His Girl Friday (1940)—Rosalind Russell playing an indispensable, caustic girl reporter, divorced by the hero and now wanted back. The conniving editor is Cary Grant. A hectic remake of the original Ben Hecht-Charles MacArthur "The Front Page," directed by Howard Hawks with a kind of terrific verbal slam-bang that has vanished from current filmmaking. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 30.)

The Human Factor—With George Kennedy, directed by Edward Dmytryk. (Trans-Lux East; Dec. 24.)

Hustle—With Burt Reynolds and Catherine Deneuve, directed by Robert Aldrich. (Loews Ciné; starting Dec. 25.)

I Am a Dancer (1972)—Rudolf Nureyev formal (in excerpts from "La Sylphide," "The Sleeping Beauty," and Glen Tetley's "Field Figures") and informal (rehearsing, relaxing with a pot of coffee, meeting his fans). Ashton's "Marguerite and Armand" is included complete, with Nureyev partnering Margot Fonteyn, and it comes off better on film than it did on the stage. (Cinema Studio.)

Jamaica Inn (1939)—A forgettable, generally forgotten Hitchcock gothic, from a Daphne du Maurier novel, full of Cornwall shipwrecks and smuggling and murder in the time of good King George IV. The picture is dominated by Charles Laughton as an evil, bound-to-go-mad Regency rake; his flamboyant ghoulishness appears to have paralyzed Hitchcock, whose staging of the wild flights from assassins, the midnight escapes, the prowlings up and down corridors, over roofs, through barnyards, and over moors is unredeemed claptrap. Emlyn Williams shines as a trim little scamp; Maureen O'Hara is a dim heroine. With Leslie Banks and Marie Ney. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 26.)

Jaws—Don't bite. (Gramercy, and 72nd Street East; starting Dec. 25. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and Playboy; Dec. 25-31.)

Killer Elite—With James Caan and Robert Duvall, directed by Sam Peckinpah. (Eastside Cinema, 86th St. East, and Greenwich.)

The Killing of Sister George (1968)—An English comedy about lesbianism, starring Beryl Reid, playing a jolly, butch woman in music-hall style, and Susannah York, as her beautiful, lyric chum, acting in another style altogether. The play was good, slithering skillfully between the mockery of television sweetness and bitchy humor, but the specious seriousness of the picture wrecks the comedy, and its attack on conventionality seems pretty hollow. (Elgin; Dec. 28.)

Let's Do It Again—An innocent, cheerful farce about an Atlanta milkman (Sidney Poitier) and a factory worker (Bill Cosby) who go to New Orleans and pull off a great scam. Cosby looks spaced out on his own innocent amiability, and he floats away with the show; Poitier, who directed, plays straight man to him and gives an embarrassed, unfunny performance. It's crude slapstick, but the people on the screen are very likable. The cast includes Jimmie Walker, Ossie Davis, Julius Harris, Mel Stewart, John Amos, Lee Chamberlin, Denise Nicholas, and Calvin Lockhart. (11/3/75) (Juliet 1; starting Dec. 25.)

Lies My Father Told Me—A Canadian film, with Yossi Yadin. Directed by Jan Kadar. (Paris.)

The Lords of Flatbush (1974)—The leather-jacket high-school set in 1957 Brooklyn. Directed by Stephen F. Verona and Martin Davidson. (Playboy; starting Jan. 1.)

The Lost Honor of Katharina Blum—Directed by Volker Schlöndorff and Margarethe von Trotta. In German. (Cinema II.)

Love and Anarchy (1973)—Lina Wertmüller's large, epic film is set mostly in a thirties brothel; there, a young country bumpkin (Giancarlo Giannini, looking like a freckled young chicken), who intends to assassinate Mussolini, falls in love and botches his plans. The movie is uneven; it often seems like a silent film, and sometimes it is extravagant and operatic. But when Wertmüller concentrates on the whores' faces and attitudes it can be very beautiful. In Italian. (Gramercy; Dec. 24.)

The Love Parade (1929)—Lubitsch's first true sound film, but he wasn't technically sure enough of himself to give the picture much confidence. Maurice Chevalier, Jeanette MacDonald. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 28.)

The Lovers of Teruel (1962)—An elaborate ballet-drama of romantic tragedy. Ludmilla Tcherina dances the role of a doomed, demented girl, and then finds that life has cast her in the same role. More than a bit much, with dialogue such as "What good is my body if you cannot have my soul?" Directed by Raymond Rouleau. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 28.)

Lucky Lady—With Gene Hackman, Liza Minnelli, and Burt Reynolds, directed by Stanley Donen. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Trans-Lux East; starting Dec. 25.)

The Magic Flute—Ingmar Bergman said that making this film "was the best time of my life: you can't imagine what it is like to have Mozart's music in the studio every day." Actually, watching the movie, one can. He has treated Mozart's peerlessly silly masterpiece with elegance and supreme affection. In Swedish. (11/17/75) (Festival.)

Mahogany—Diana Ross in a garish, garbled version of outmoded white kitsch. She plays a secretary from the South Side of Chicago, who becomes the first black model to crack the color bar, goes on to be a whirling international celebrity, and then gives it all up to help her black lover (Billy Dee Williams) fight to improve conditions at home. The decadent whites who paw her or bitch at her include Tony Perkins, Nina Foch, Marisa Mell, and Jean-Pierre Aumont. Berry Gordy directed. (10/27/75) (Loews Orpheum; Dec. 24.)

A Man and a Woman (1966)—Claude Lelouch's popular romance about people with swinging occupations: Jean-Louis Trintignant is a racing-car driver, Anouk Aimée a script girl, Pierre Barouh a stunt man. The cinematographer-director specializes in lyrical blur and mist. In French. (Juliet 1; Dec. 24.)

The Man Who Would Be King—Based on the Rudyard Kipling story. With Sean Connery, Michael Caine, and Christopher Plummer; directed by John Huston. (Coronet.)

Metropolis (1926)—Fritz Lang's great silent film, which goes too far and always gets away with it. No one in Europe has ever handled crowd scenes so glitteringly; like D. W. Griffith, he makes them seem full of signal insight into the blindness of herds. There is an interesting robot in the film, called the False Maria. Essentially classic, produced by Erich Pommer, who also had the wit to find the finance for "Caligari," "The Last Laugh," "The Blue Angel." (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 26.)

Monty Python and the Holy Grail—A cheerfully loused-up reworking of the story of King Arthur, written and acted by the Python team, who were first famous on English TV and then picked up a devoted following here. (5/5/75) (New Yorker; starting Dec. 25.)

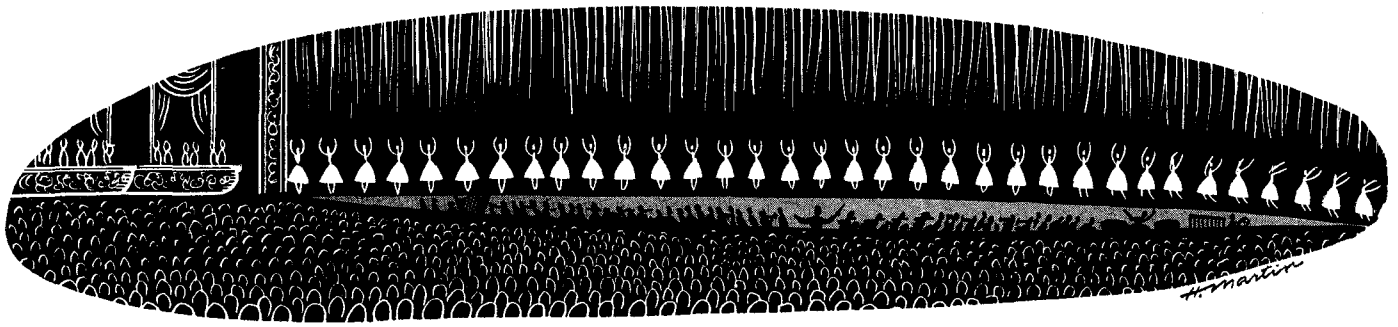
Murder She Said (1962)—Margaret Rutherford as Jane Marple, a maiden-aunt amateur criminologist, in an amiable adaptation of an Agatha Christie novel. With Arthur Kennedy and Stringer Davis; George Pollock directed. (New Yorker; Dec. 24.)

Murder at the Gallop (1963)—Modest, relaxed follow-up to "Murder She Said." Margaret Rutherford again as Agatha Christie's dotty, blustering Miss Marple; she rides a horse in this one and does the Twist, as well as attempting to solve crimes. With Robert Morley, Flora Robson, Stringer Davis, James Villiers, and Duncan Lamont. George Pollock directed. (New Yorker; Dec. 24.)

Nashville—Robert Altman's crowning work so far. The rangy story is set in Nashville, Tennessee; the twenty-four characters are simultaneously caught up in the country-and-Western music industry and in local politicking on behalf of a Wallace-like Presidential candidate. Altman uses improvisation, many cameras, and multi-track sound recordings to the hilt. Wonderful performances by Ronee Blakley, Lily Tomlin, Barbara Harris, and Henry Gibson. "Nashville" is not the explanation of America to itself that it purports to be, but it is exhilarating in its detail. (3/3/75 and 6/16/75) (8th St. Playhouse.)

Once Is Not Enough—This adaptation of Jacqueline Susann's infatuated exposé of the scandalous goings on among celebrities wants so badly to be shocking and is actually so naïve that you begin to feel some affection for its silly sleaziness. Brenda Vaccaro is entertainingly spunky as a Helen Gurley Brownish editor, and David Janssen gives a surprisingly energetic performance as a Norman Mailer-like brawling writer. The others include George Hamilton and Kirk Douglas, and Alexis Smith and Melina Mercouri, who have an excruciating lesbian scene. Guy Green directed, unevenly, from a too-sober script by Julius J. Epstein. (Symphony; Dec. 24.)

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—Smashingly effective version of Ken Kesey's novel about



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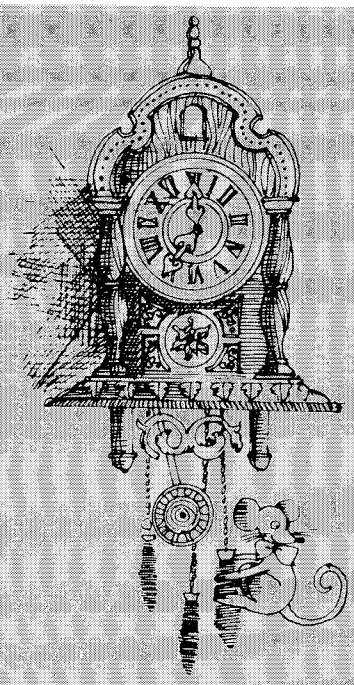

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

a rebel-outcast (Jack Nicholson) who is locked in a hospital for the insane. Louise Fletcher is Nurse Ratched, and Will Sampson is Chief Broom. Miloš Forman's intelligent, tentative direction lacks the excitement of movie art, but the story and the acting make the film emotionally powerful. (12/1/75) (Sutton, and Paramount.)

ONE HOUR WITH YOU (1932)—Lubitsch directed this remake of his 1924 picture "The Marriage Circle;" George Cukor was taken off the film, and Lubitsch moved in, to work with his usual fun and sense of light chic. Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier play a genially married couple disturbed by a flirt played by Genevieve Tobin. But only temporarily, of course. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 28.)

ON THE WATERFRONT (1954)—One of the most powerful American movies of the fifties, best in its intimate scenes (Marlon Brando courting Eva Marie Saint, Brando with his brother, Rod Steiger), worst in its attempts at dynamic Christian symbolism and in Karl Malden's big moments. Elia Kazan directed from Budd Schulberg's script. Score by Leonard Bernstein. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 29.)

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN—With Marilyn Hassett and Beau Bridges, directed by Larry Peerce. (Columbia II; Dec. 24.)

PINOCCHIO (1940)—Walt Disney's classic, which seems always to please kids, though it can bother grownups because of the usual Disney punitiveness and thick symbolism. (34th St. East, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Loews 83rd St.; through Dec. 25.)

QUACKSER FORTUNE HAS A COUSIN IN THE BRONX (1970)—Winsome comedy about a hero (Gene Wilder) who resists computerized society by collecting horse manure in a cart. The film is laid in Dublin. It should be laid to rest. (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 30.)

RANCHO DELUXE—Tom McGuane wrote the script for this flip, absurdist modern Western. Jeff Bridges plays a dropout from the upper middle class, and Sam Waterston plays a wryly bemused Indian. These two pranksters rustle cattle because the facetious machismo of it appeals to them; they do it "to keep from falling asleep." Their sly asides are too kicky, too pleased; the self-conscious cleverness isn't as charming as it's meant to be. McGuane sets up some funny situations, but the film's deadpan distancing makes everything seem anticlimactic. Things brighten up whenever Harry Dean Stanton or Richard Bright or Slim Pickens is on the screen. Frank Perry directed; with Elizabeth Ashley, Charlene Dallas, and Clifton James. (12/8/75) (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 30.)

THE REINCARNATION OF PETER PROUD—With Michael Sarrazin and Jennifer O'Neill, directed by J. Lee Thompson. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; Dec. 24.)

RUSSIAN ROULETTE—No click. With George Segal, directed by Lou Lombardo. (St. Marks Cinema, and Playboy; Dec. 24.)

THE SEDUCTION OF MIMI (1972)—Written and directed by Lina Wertmüller. A very funny farce, set in Italy and Sicily, about a sexual round robin, with the Mafia intervening. The hero is dead serious, above a subterranean freneticism, about his cold wife in Sicily and his Cranach-faced mistress in Turin and Catania. His wife vengefully gets pregnant by a tax officer; the hero makes love back to the tax officer's mountainous wife, who already has five children before this sixth one by him. The Mafia plants a murder on him, and he emerges from a jail sentence to find even his mistress and their beloved growing son disappearing into the distance. In Italian. (6/24/74) (Gramercy; Dec. 24.)

SEVEN ALONE—With Dewey Martin, Aldo Ray, and Stewart Petersen; directed by Earl Bellamy. (U. A. East; Dec. 24. . . . ¶ Cinema Village; through Dec. 30.)

SISTERS (1973)—An erratically witty horror movie about a psychotic ex-Siamese twin; the audience gets scared enough to scream. With Margot Kidder and Jennifer Salt. Directed by Brian De Palma. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; Dec. 24.)

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS (1938)—The famous Disney animated film, with the virulently wicked stepmother, the Prince Charming, the poisoned apple, the birds and the flowers, and a narrator with the voice of a benign uncle. It has its lurid touches and its cheap effects, but it's undeniably a classic. (34th St. East, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Loews 83rd St.; starting Dec. 26.)

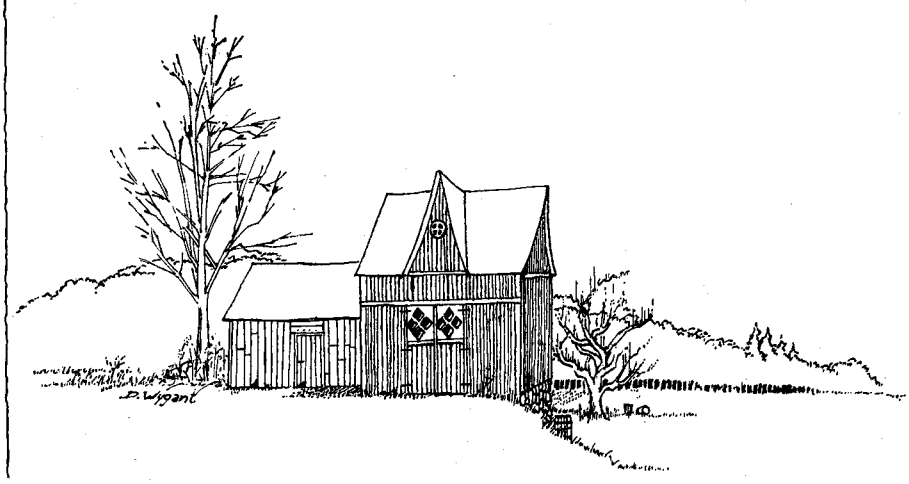
SOME LIKE IT HOT (1959)—A comedy set in the Prohibition era, with transvestism, impotence, role confusion, and borderline inversion—and all hilariously innocent. Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon are the female impersonators who join a girls' band, and Marilyn Monroe and Joe E. Brown are their somewhat confused love partners. With George Raft, Pat O'Brien, and Nehemiah Persoff. Billy Wilder directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 31.)

SPECIAL SECTION—Costa Gavras's melodrama, set in Vichy France, raises the question of why highly placed Cabinet ministers, judges, and prosecutors, who were in no immediate danger themselves, carried out measures that flagrantly violated the system of justice they had been trained to uphold. But the casting and the writing are so prejudicial that this purpose is undercut: the collaborators are cartoon figures—vain, ambitious weaklings, easily soft-soaped. Their victims, however, shine with humanity. The film lacks temperament; it seems lifelessly worthy. In French. (12/15/75) (Beekman.)

SPIES (1929)—Fritz Lang's stylish gothic story of master spies, rooms that fill up with water, and a loyal nurse who looks after a supercriminal in a wheelchair. One of Lang's best, of his best period. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 26.)

STEELYARD BLUES (1973)—Blithe exuberance turned into cant. Donald Sutherland, Jane Fonda, and Peter Boyle are among the band of friendly outlaws who are persecuted by the stupid, vindictive straights, and who fly away to a better world. With Alan Myerson's amateurish direction, the film never gets a rhythm going, and its adolescent anarchism just seems smug. (Elgin; Dec. 26-27.)

THE STORY OF ADÈLE H.—François Truffaut's finest film since "Jules and Jim," and his most passionate work. The film is damnably intelligent—almost frighteningly so, like some passages in Russian novels which strip the characters bare. And it's deeply, disharmoniously funny—which Truffaut has never been before. The story, about romantic love fulfilled by self-destruction, is based on the



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journals of Adèle, the daughter of Victor Hugo; she's played by the prodigious young actress Isabelle Adjani. The visual consistency attained by the cinematographer, Nestor Almendros, enables Truffaut to achieve a new concentration on character. In French. (10/27/75) (Cinema I.)

THE SUNSHINE BOYS—Neil Simon's extended sketch about two quarrelsome vaudevillians (Walter Matthau and George Burns) who, eleven years back, broke up after forty-three years together and haven't spoken to each other since; they're brought together to appear on a TV special. It's all one-liners; Matthau keeps blasting us with his bullhorn voice; Burns is more restful, giving a rhythmed formality to his tortoise-like old trouper. Directed by Herbert Ross. (11/17/75) (Music Hall.)

SUSAN AND GOD (1940)—Susan, the upper-crust religious quack of Rachel Crothers' comedy of manners, is not really in Joan Crawford's range. Crawford can't provide the charm that Gertrude Lawrence gave the role on Broadway—when Crawford is being intellectually frivolous, it's merely tiresome. The director, George Cukor, and the scenarist, Anita Loos, must certainly have been aware of the problem, because Loos supplied some new characters, and Cukor lavished affection on the actresses—Marjorie Main and Constance Collier—who played them. As the caretaker, Marjorie Main practically walks off with the picture. Fredric March does all he can in the role of Susan's husband, who has sensibly taken refuge in drink; with Rita Hayworth, Ruth Hussey, Rose Hobart, John Carroll, Gloria De Haven, and Nigel Bruce. It's not a good comedy, but it has a certain fascination, because the theme is such an odd one for Hollywood to have attempted at all. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 29-31.)

SWEPT AWAY—Lina Wertmüller's Marxist story of a wealthy, industry-upheld bitch on a yacht who finds herself marooned in a state of heavily erotic political masochism. Her partner is the very sailor whom she has been abusing for marine inefficiency and the wearing of stinking T-shirts. The film is raspingly funny and rancorous, but it is also sad, because the rich woman is not serious about her expeditionary love. In Italian. (9/22/75) (Juliet 2, and Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ Murray Hill; Dec. 24. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Dec. 30.)

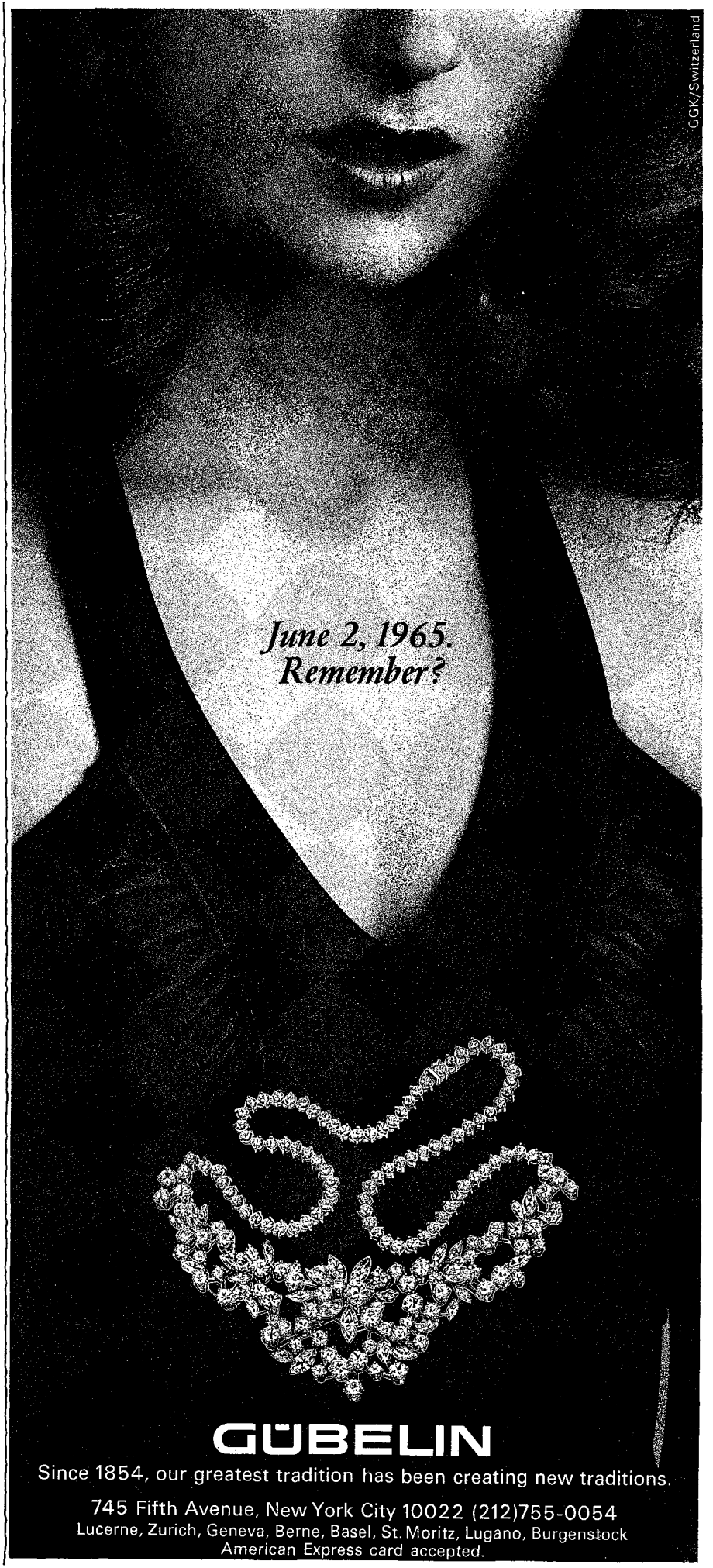
THREE DAYS OF THE CONDOR—This expensive spy thriller gets some tension going, but there's no real fun in it. Robert Redford plays a researcher for the C.I.A. who accidentally turns up a clue to the existence of a renegade conspiratorial network in the C.I.A. organization and becomes everybody's target. With a miscast, subdued Faye Dunaway, and Max von Sydow, Cliff Robertson, and John Houseman. Sydney Pollack directed. (10/6/75) (Waverly, and Loews 83rd St. . . . ¶ Loews Ciné; Dec. 24.)

TOP HAT (1935)—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers dancing to Irving Berlin's music. This is the one with "The Piccolino," as well as "Isn't This a Lovely Day?" and "Cheek to Cheek," and it's a lovely movie. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 28.)

TREASURE ISLAND (1950)—In this version, Robert Newton is a sly, domineering Long John, hobbling about on his crutch and plotting his evil course, always on the alert for trouble, the tip of his tongue insolently sticking out of one corner of his mouth. Byron Haskin directed, in color, for Disney Productions; Bobby Driscoll plays the boy, Jim Hawkins, and Basil Sidney is Captain Smollett. It's a fairly straightforward, rip-roaring version, calculated to scare children entertainingly (a pirate chases Jim) and to keep them from getting restless. (34th St. East, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Loews 83rd St.; through Dec. 25.)

TWO-FACED WOMAN (1941)—Greta Garbo's last film, with M-G-M trying to Americanize the unmistakable Viking. George Cukor directs her, Melvyn Douglas, Ruth Gordon, and Constance Bennett, who blandly steals the whole comedy of errors. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 29-31.)

ZACHARIAH (1971)—A rock Western, and, as if that weren't mixture enough, it also tries to be both spoof and morality play. Nothing quite works, yet it's a relaxed and generally inoffensive movie; the hero (John Rubinstein) has an open, smiling manner, and the menace (Elvin Jones) does a smashing drum solo—the high point of the film. Directed by George Englund. (Cinema Village; starting Dec. 31.)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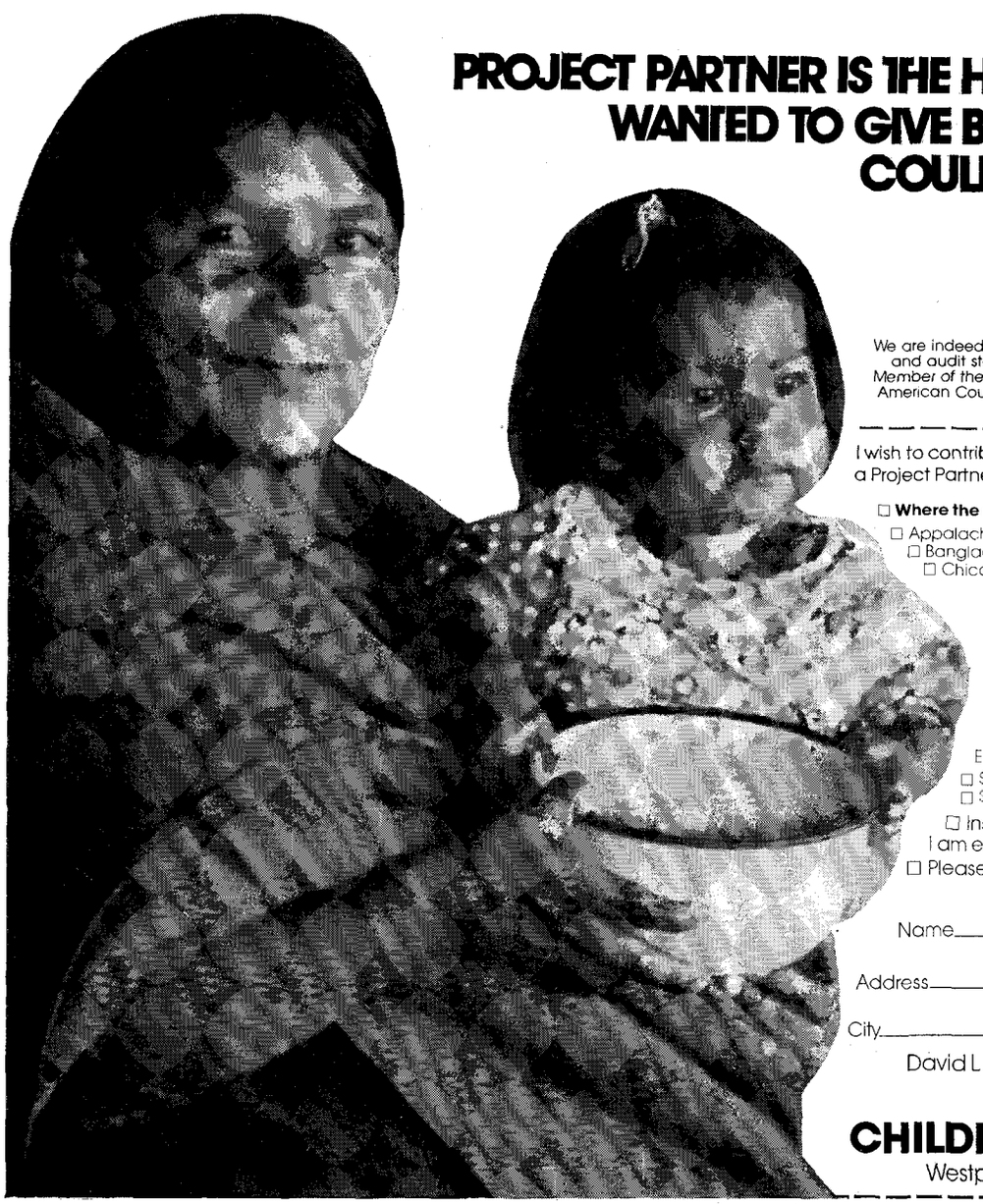

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ONE of our occasional correspondents, an investment banker who spends much of his time in the country, has just sent us a report. He writes, "There is a stretch of deep and almost virgin woods across the road from my place, and I sometimes walk there in the afternoon. It is rough going, even at this time of year, when everything lies open to the sky, but natural solitude is hard to come by these days, and I find the walk very pleasing. Well, I was walking there the other day when a movement caught my eye. It was a tree in a clearing just ahead—a branchless stick of a dead beech tree, maybe eighteen or twenty feet tall. It had given a peculiar stir. I stopped, and saw it stir again. It stirred and leaned and—almost slowly, almost as gently as a falling leaf—fell, with a swish and thump, to the ground. The experience was startling—even a little eerie. And then I had a thought that was still eerier. It came to me that I had witnessed one of the famous examples of Bishop Berkeley's classic dictum of immaterialism ('To be is to be perceived'): that the fall of a tree in a forest can occur only if its fall is seen or heard. I realized that I was more than the privileged observer of an odd event. I was (in Berkeley's empirical eye) responsible, I was its perpetrator. Had I not been there to perceive it, that tree would not have fallen."

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Women of Style

DIANA VREELAND, who is relentless in her festivity, has, of course, organized another show for the Costume Institute of the Metropolitan Museum. It is called "American Women of Style," and the women in question are Lady Mendl; Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson; Consuelo, Duchess of Marlborough; Mrs. John W. Garrett; Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney; Isadora Duncan; Rita de Acosta Lydig; Irene Castle; Millicent Rogers; and Josephine Baker—except that *the* woman in question is Mrs. Vreeland herself, whose taste for what she calls "audacity" the show reflects. We went to see Mrs. Vreeland at the museum the other day, and although she caromed around her office there at enormous speed, she claimed to be "wrung out."

"The worst," Mrs. Vreeland said, "is that I'm meant to give a speech this afternoon to some *very* nice people who would be much better off to read the catalogue."

"How many people?" we asked.

"Ferle!" Mrs. Vreeland yelled to her secretary. "How many people?"

"One hundred and eighty-five," Ferle replied.

"My God!" said Mrs. Vreeland. "It's not human."

"But probably only half will show up," said Ferle.

"Make it short," we suggested. "Twenty minutes."

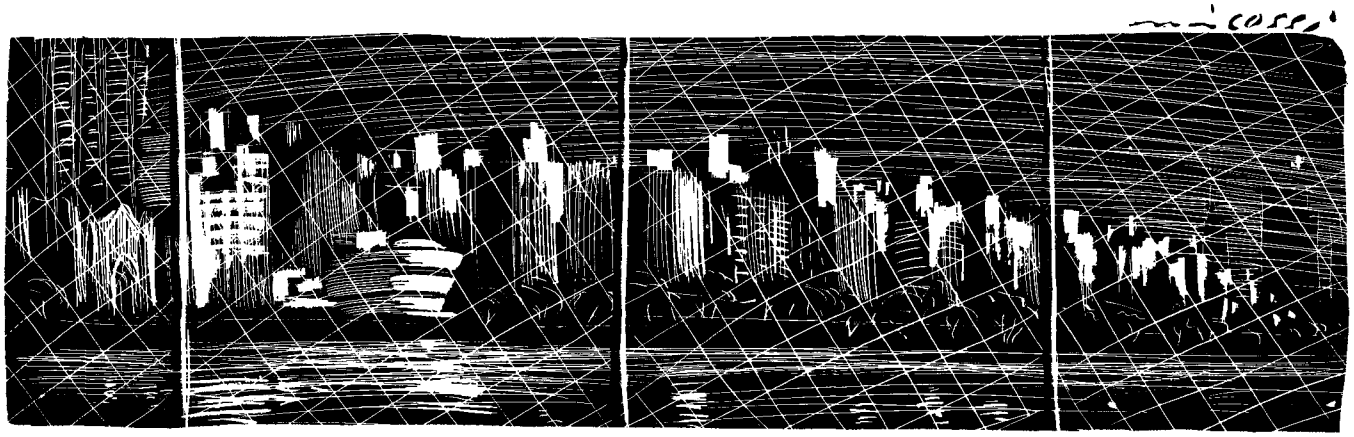
"Twenty minutes? Twenty *minutes*?" said Mrs. Vreeland. "Who can speak for twenty minutes? Remember the Gettysburg Address! I take my cue from the Gettysburg Address."

Mrs. Vreeland took us first to see the part of the exhibit devoted to Millicent Rogers, whose designs for jewelry she particularly admires. Much of the jewelry was of precious metal hammered into strong, basic patterns. There was, as well, some American Indian jewelry, and there were a few elaborate pins, which turned out to be European Orders of Merit and Honor. "All of that jewelry was designed by Millicent—except the Indian jewelry and the Orders, of course," Mrs. Vreeland said. "She very often wore the Order of St. George, but we couldn't get it."

"Where did she get her Orders?" we asked.

"Bought 'em!" said Mrs. Vreeland. "Bought 'em! Millicent had *spirit*."

"Now," said Mrs. Vreeland, swinging us in to see the costumes of Jose-



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"Well, Peregrine! And you say you're not neurotic."

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phine Baker. "We go to the heart of the matter. This is the girl who *left St. Louis!*" Mrs. Vreeland seemed to imply that having the sense to leave St. Louis gave a woman a certain style. "We have a mannequin *crouched*," Mrs. Vreeland said, "because Josephine Baker often took that pose, as though she were about to *spring!*" Mrs. Vreeland herself crouched, but she declined to spring. "And we have the costume with the bananas, as you see."

Mrs. Vreeland next took us to the section of the show devoted to the Duchess of Marlborough ("That *neck*," said Mrs. Vreeland, "and that *flower* for a face that *smiled* at you") and the section given over to Mrs. Gibson. "She was one of the Langhorne girls, and they were quite something, I can tell you," Mrs. Vreeland said. "And their father! Nora Phipps, who also was one of the Langhorne girls, you know, told me that when he took his girls to Paris he sat at a window at the Ritz and spat out onto the Place Vendôme and watched where it landed."

Mrs. Vreeland then took us to see the clothes of Rita de Acosta Lydig. They were striking and involved quantities of lace from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. More striking still were her shoes, made for her by Yantorny, a curator of the Cluny Museum. "When I thought to do this show," said Mrs. Vreeland, "I thought first of Rita Lydig. I have always been intoxicated by these clothes. I have known them for a very long time. Rita Lydig was an extraordinary woman. She had a very small *nose*. It is the most disappointing thing that we did not get a Boldini portrait for this show. Boldini painted her *fourteen* times. He was fascinated by her. We could not get *one*. I talked to someone at the Wildenstein Gallery. (Daniel Wildenstein is a Boldini expert.) I talked to *Madame* Boldini. I talked to Mrs. Lydig's son, who is named William Stokes. I was a little afraid of that, because I thought he might be a little *infirm*—or maybe they never met, which is something that happened from time to time in that generation—but he was quite wonderful but couldn't really help me. Finally, we found a painting in Ferrara, but it was *enormous*, and we couldn't bring it here. Mrs. Lydig was the most intriguing woman. She died when she was fifty. I was always fascinated by her *nose*. It was a very small nose and she had to look *up* all the time, which made her very . . . *acute*. I am interested, as you can tell, by those women who were born in the eighteen-seventies and eighteen-eighties and who came into the new century with energy. It takes a sense of adventure to come into a new century, perhaps. I think that in the coming year people will do very well by Dolley Madison and all those ladies, so I thought just for a change I wouldn't do that and instead I'd give 'em a look at Rita Lydig. If you look at the shoe in the upper left-hand corner, you'll see it has been made of Renaissance velvet. I don't think those women were afraid of *anything*."

Self-Employed

THE most daring cyclists in New York are the young men and women who work for the messenger services that specialize in two-wheeled transportation. Stand for a minute on a midtown corner and you'll see three or four of these Evel Knievels whiz by; long-haired, bluejeaned, lugging their cargo in large canvas bags slung over their shoulders, they routinely perform such risky feats as riding against the traffic, dashing down the center of an avenue, and weaving through a crowd of unsuspecting pedestrians. They are new versions of an old idea. Western Union used to—and in exceptional cases still does—deliver telegrams by bicycle. In the mid-fifties, the reading of telegrams over the telephone began to replace bikes, and in 1965 the first modest-sized New York outfit to offer two-wheeled courier service came into being. This had the grandly archaic name Coleman Younger Motorcycle Messenger & Trucking Company, and it still exists. In the words of the present owner, "a lot of the guys got into the pollution thing," so today Coleman Younger has, despite its name, no motorcycle messengers at all—only bicycle messengers. In that respect, it differs from four imitators—Can Carriers, Cosmic Messenger Service, Mobile M. S., and New Motions M. S.—each of which keeps a few motorbikes to supplement its pedal-powered fleet. Together, the five companies occupy a scrappy section of the messenger-service pond, feeding mainly off advertising-film makers

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and other people who have grown accustomed to what is (according to these companies, at least) faster-than-walking service. For riders, the companies draw on the pool of able bodies who need work and can supply their own machines. Most bicycle couriers, unlike most foot couriers, are self-employed. Technically, each of them has a contract for every trip he makes. Many riders work only when they want to; all of them make a decent living only if they work hard. Typically, a rider receives fifty per cent of the fee for each trip; in order to earn a hundred and fifty dollars in a five-day week, he has to do about fifteen trips a day. His independence, however, is a source of pride, as is his freedom from withholding taxes, and many riders boast of how much higher their take-home pay is than a foot messenger's.

Some of the ethos of this rather uncomplicated trade can be gathered from a visit to the offices of Mobile Messenger Service. They consist of three rooms, two of which are streamlined and efficient-looking and given over to bookkeepers and clerks, and one of which is small and jumbled and occupied by dispatchers and riders. The small room is the interesting one. About the size of a bedroom, it has a disturbing red-and-green ceiling. Pipes and two-by-fours cross overhead, and from them eight bikes have been strung up like swordfish above a pier. One wall is covered with shelves and boxes; the other walls hold a Dracula vs. Frankenstein poster, four jokey pictures of Richard Nixon, an ancient poster of Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention, two electric dart boards, a large scrawled Dylanesque cry of despair ("Oh Darling Can This Really Be the End? To Be Stuck Inside of Mobile with the Memphis Blues Again"), and an institution called the Messenger Hall of Fame. This last item is made up of obscure pencilled memorials like the following:

FUZZY FIEDLER

The late & great messenger of years gone by.

"Fuz," as his close co-workers called him, holds all records for waiting time in the office.

Fuzzy left logs behind to pursue a career as a Big Time Movie Director in hollywood. The great Fuz was never heard from again. We salute a truley great messenger.

THOSE NOTORIOUS SMITH BROTHARS

The worlds first & foremost Siamese-twin messengers.... Conected from birth at the navel. The Bros. rode a bicycle built for two.

Seperated in '73 by a flying cab door, Jake went on to be a great unicycle stunt rider for the Bently Farcas Weel Circus.

Jon went around the world in search of the true wisdom. Atop the highest Himalayan peak Jon met the high man (the big G's #1 Hombre) who revealed the sacred pearl of ancient wisdom to Jon. "CALL FROM EACH STOP SMITH."

On a couch sit three messengers resting between trips. In a corner is a table with four telephones, a radio with two speakers, and a digital clock. The owners of the company work as dispatchers and bookkeepers; they are Paul and David Harris (brothers but not Siamese twins). On any day, they may be wearing the company T-shirt, which is black and printed with the words "WHAT'S UP DOC?," a picture of a madly dashing rabbit, and the company's name and telephone number. To a visitor, Paul Harris is likely to declare, with a grand sweep of his arm toward the couch, "These guys here are the greatest messengers in the world."

Whether for Mobile or for some other service, cyclists have carried film, keys, stocks, bonds, advertising storyboards, theatre tickets, live ants, and a boa constrictor. One motorcycle messenger cherishes the memory of transporting live goldfish that were to be fed to an advertising director's pet piranha. A young woman once managed a six-by-four-foot board by taping it to

"Do we want to be featured in a TV news segment about the collapse of the middle class?"

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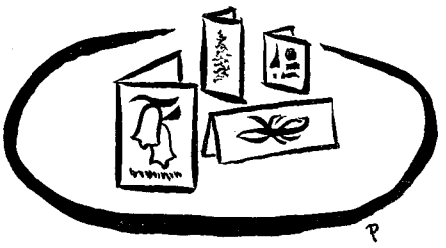
her bag and holding it still with one elbow. In a competitive business, messengers have to be dedicated, but they can be distracted. One rider, who was four hours late with a delivery, explained that he had just met John Lennon and couldn't pass up the chance to have lunch with his new acquaintance. Another rider, on a rush job, ran into an old girl friend and was missing from the world for three hours. At Can Carriers, people talk fondly of a bygone motorcyclist named Vicki, whose dark good looks would stop conversation whenever she entered a room.

Like other cyclists, bike couriers fear rain and snow. When their brakes slip in the wet, they stop themselves with their feet. In any weather, their enemies include customers who give the wrong address, dispatchers who send them from a downtown delivery to an uptown pickup, people who open car doors without looking, and cabdrivers. One woman, who likes to wear shorts in the warm months, says that cabdrivers sometimes creep up to her from behind and tap her lightly with a bumper; when she regains her balance, they tap her again, and her only recourse is to turn the wrong way into a one-way street. No bicycle messenger in New York has ever been killed on the job. The close calls, though, are beyond counting. Only the other week, a rider hit a pothole on Park Avenue, was thrown from his bike, landed on the trunk of a cab, and was carried half a block before the cab stopped.

Two musicians who have performed with the rock group Free Beer are former New York bicycle messengers. So are a film producer with a leading ad agency, a filmmaker who has received a New York State grant, an opera singer in Seattle, a copywriter who once produced promotion for the Channel 11 show "Star Trek" ("Channel 11 beams you on a 'Star Trek' tonight"), and an archeologist. This last man once set a company record for the most business done in a day: one hundred and forty dollars. (New record: one hundred and sixty dollars.) Hordes of students have pedalled through their extracurricular hours, and one current rider has a Ph.D. in chemistry. Michael Gladstone, who used to be a motorcyclist for Cosmic, went on to work in the productions of the pianist Chick Corea and of other musical luminaries. The other day, wearing a suède suit and driving a beige Cadillac Eldorado, Gladstone showed up at the Cosmic office; he wanted to say hello to his friends.

Tribute

WE squeezed into the Imperial Ballroom of the Americana Hotel the other night, where twelve hundred and fifty people had gathered to pay tribute to former Justice William O. Douglas, whose thirty-six years on the bench are the longest span of service of any Supreme Court justice in the history of the Republic, and to listen to a brief speech by his wife, Mrs. Cathy Douglas, a Washington lawyer. The occasion was the twenty-fifth-anniversary dinner of the National Emergency Civil Liberties Committee. The N.E.C.L.C., as it is called, is sometimes referred to as "the other civil-liberties group," to distinguish it from the larger and older American Civil Liberties Union, which is fifty-five years old and operates on an annual budget of about six million dollars. The N.E.C.L.C. makes do with two hundred thousand a year—a good deal of which is currently being spent on lawyers' fees for some sixty-five civil-liberties cases, all over the country. One of these cases, now pending in Florida, opposes the deportation of a group of fifty-six Haitians who tried to escape the regime of Baby Doc Duvalier by pushing off for the States in a small boat. They covered eight hundred miles in thirty-three days, and were reduced to drinking seawater before their boat foundered off Key Largo. Rescued by a private yacht that happened to be passing, they were seized by the Immigration and Naturalization Service when they landed on American soil. This case is one of six hundred current cases involving Haitians who have come to the United States to request political asylum. The N.E.C.L.C., in a different kind of case, is representing Congressman Michael Harrington (D.-Mass.), who is suing the government for, essentially, the right to sue the Central Intelligence Agency for exceeding its statutory authority, which is simply to collect foreign-intelligence information. When Harrington attempted to sue the C.I.A. earlier this year, a federal-district-court judge in the District of Columbia ruled that he had no "standing." Harrington's appeal is being considered. The general counsel of the N.E.C.L.C. for its entire twenty-five years has been Leonard Boudin, the New York lawyer who has been counsel for Daniel Ellsberg, Dr. Benjamin Spock, and Jimmy Hoffa, among others—the man who in 1958, in the Rockwell Kent case, won citizens the right not, in order to get a passport, to have to sign an affidavit affirming that they had never been, weren't, and never would be Communists.



At the dinner, Mrs. Douglas was presented with a bust of her husband sculptured by a local doctor named Alan Bleich, and her remarks were so charming that we made extensive notes. She said that her husband, who was resting in Portland, Oregon, was sorry to have to miss the dinner but had told her, "Never mind. The group that meets one day to honor you will meet the next day to hang you." Then she told a story about her husband and three timber wolves. The Justice liked to go fly-fishing in Oregon between six and seven in the evening—before he gave up the sport "in favor of the fish." One night, when he was turning away from the stream to go home, he saw three timber wolves sitting on the trail looking at him. He looked at them, and they looked at each other. Nobody moved. So Douglas said, "Gentlemen, I have just been fishing. The fish are hungry at this hour, and so am I. I mean you no harm, and I trust you mean me no harm." Then he started walking slowly toward the wolves. They parted and let him pass.

Another time, Mrs. Douglas said, Justice Douglas was riding his favorite horse, King, at the end of the year along American Ridge, in the State of Washington, which is remarkable at this season for an unparalleled view of Mt. Rainier and Mt. Adams. At a point in the trail where the ridge went straight up on one side of the trail and straight down on the other and where there was a large boulder in the middle of the trail, Douglas and King suddenly encountered a big brown bear, which was coming round the boulder. The horse started shaking. Pretty soon, he was shaking all over, but after a minute the Justice could see he wasn't going to bolt. The bear seemed to be transfixed, too. Once again, Douglas intervened. He said "Boo!" The shocked bear turned around and ran away.

"My husband is not lacking in wit and humor, and he loves irony," said

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"With me, Christmas is a tradition."

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Mrs. Douglas. "When we were in Russia, knowing that our hotel rooms were most likely bugged, he would say loudly in the evening, 'That schoolteacher we met today—very, very capitalistic, don't you think?' He would invent a name, so as not to get anyone we had actually talked with into trouble. In Iran, when we were out in the desert with a Persian tribe, he wandered off one day for a few hours. When our hosts asked him afterward where he had been, he said he had been to see General Lincoln, the famous American commander, who was out in the desert with his troops. The Iranians actually sent the Army out to look for General Lincoln. Back in Teheran, at receptions, Bill liked to sidle up to our ambassador and whisper that he 'had a message for Lincoln.' Cables were sent to Washington about the General, and the C.I.A. came and hunted for him. The *Times* sent a reporter to search out the elusive American soldier, who, of course, didn't exist. What I admire most about my husband is his ability to take life experiences and integrate them into the law. He loves to talk to me about the ability of animals to communicate with us about life, and about how rocks and streams have a lot to tell us about life, and when I read his dissent in Sierra Club v. Morton, I found our conversations echoed in the law. In that case, he urged the Court to grant standing under the law to mountains and streams, arguing that they might as well hold rights already extended under the law to ships and corporations, since they are at least as real as ships and corporations. His true genius, as I see it, has always been to take life as it is lived by us—in the air, along streams—and from it fashion laws, so that the individual can be supported in his pursuit of truth by a system that more closely approximates his needs."

After the dinner, we had a chance for a few words with Mrs. Douglas. She said that her husband was feeling much stronger now that he was at her family home in Oregon; and that he was devoting himself to finishing a book about his years in Washington, D.C. She also said she'd caught the lawyer who had introduced her at the dinner in one small error of fact. The man had said that Douglas was the author of half a dozen books. In reality, he is the author of some thirty books—a figure that does not include a successful series of cowboy stories he has published under a pen name and two plays he wrote in 1970 when Congressman Gerald R. Ford and others were urging his impeachment. His lawyers at the time urged him not to say anything in public about the furor, so he sat at home and wrote a play about William Penn and a comedy called "The Couch." "It's set several years in the future," Mrs. Douglas said. "The hero is the first Secretary of Mental Health. He gets impeached when he tries to psychoanalyze the other members of the Cabinet. The play has a thinly veiled cast of characters. I think my husband deserves a bit of a rest now. He went to work when he was six, and he retired when he was seventy-seven. And he really did fight the good fight."

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REMINISCENCES: PLACES AND PEOPLE

BROOKLYN: Tree-lined streets. The Bridge. Churches and cemeteries everywhere. And candy stores. A small boy helps a bearded old man across the street and says, "Good Sabbath." The old man smiles and empties his pipe on the boy's head. The child runs crying into his house. . . . Stifling heat and humidity descend on the borough. Residents bring folding chairs out onto the street after dinner to sit and talk. Suddenly it begins to snow. Confusion sets in. A vender wends his way down the street selling hot pretzels. He is set upon by dogs and chased up a tree. Unfortunately for him, there are more dogs at the top of the tree.

"Benny! Benny!" A mother is calling her son. Benny is sixteen but already has a police record. When he is twenty-six, he will go to the electric chair. At thirty-six, he will be hanged. At fifty, he will own his own dry-cleaning store. Now his mother serves breakfast, and because the family is too poor to afford fresh rolls he spreads marmalade on the *News*.

Ebbets Field: Fans line Bedford Avenue in hopes of retrieving home-run balls hit over the right-field wall. After eight scoreless innings, there is a roar from the crowd. A ball sails over the wall, and eager fans jostle for it! For some reason, it is a football—no one knows why. Later that season, the owner of the Brooklyn Dodgers will trade his shortstop to Pittsburgh for a left fielder, and then he will trade himself to Boston for the owner of the Braves and his two youngest children.

Sheepshead Bay: A leathery-faced man laughs heartily and hauls up his crab traps. A giant crab seizes the man's nose between his claws. The man is no longer laughing. His friends pull him from one side while the crab's friends pull from the other. It is no use. The sun sets. They are still at it.

NEW ORLEANS: A jazz band stands in the rain at a cemetery playing mournful hymns as a body is lowered into the earth. Now they strike up a spirited march and begin the parade back to town. Halfway there, someone realizes they have buried the wrong man. What's more, they weren't even close. The person they buried was not dead, or even sick; in fact, he was yodelling at the time. They return to the cemetery and exhume the poor man, who threatens to sue, although they promise to let him have his suit cleaned and send them the bill. Meanwhile, no one knows which person is actually dead. The band continues to play while each of the onlookers is buried in turn, on the theory that the deceased will go down the smoothest. Soon it becomes apparent that no one has died, and now it is too late to get a body, because of the holiday rush.

It is Mardi Gras. Creole food everywhere. Crowds in costume jam the streets. A man dressed as a shrimp is thrown into a steaming pot of bisque. He protests, but no one believes he is not a crustacean. Finally he produces a driver's license and is released.

Beauregard Square is teeming with sightseers. Once Marie Laveau practiced voodoo here. Now an old Haitian "conjure man" is selling dolls and amulets. A policeman tells him to move on, and an argument begins. When it is over, the policeman is four inches tall. Outraged, he still tries to make an arrest, but his voice is so high that no one can understand him. Presently a cat crosses the street, and the policeman is forced to run for his life.

"I'm sick of you, Henry. I'm sick of you, and I'm sick of denim!"

PARIS: Wet pavements. And lights—everywhere there are lights! I come upon a man at an outdoor café. It is Henri Malraux. Oddly, he thinks that I am Henri Malraux. I explain that he is Malraux and I am just a student. He is relieved to hear this, as he is fond of Mme. Malraux and would hate to think she is my wife. We talk of serious things, and he tells me that man is free to choose his own fate and that not until he realizes that death is part of life can he really understand existence. Then he offers to sell me a rabbit's foot. Years later, we meet at a dinner, and again he insists that I am Malraux. This time, I go along with it and get to eat his fruit cocktail.

Autumn. Paris is crippled by another strike. Now it is the acrobats. No one is tumbling, and the city comes to a standstill. Soon the strike spreads to include jugglers, and then ventriloquists. Parisians regard these as essential services, and many students become violent. Two Algerians are caught practicing handstands and their heads are shaved.

A ten-year-old girl with long brown curls and green eyes hides a plastic explosive device in the Minister of the Interior's chocolate mousse. With the first bite, he passes through the roof of Fou-

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quet's and lands unharmed in Les Halles. Now Les Halles is no more.

THROUGH Mexico by auto: The poverty is staggering. Clusters of sombreros evoke the murals of Orozco. It is over a hundred degrees in the shade. A poor Indian sells me a fried-pork enchilada. It tastes delicious, and I wash it down with some ice water. I feel a slight queasiness in the stomach and then start speaking Dutch. Suddenly a mild abdominal pain causes me to snap over like a book slamming shut. Six months later, I awake in a Mexican hospital completely bald and clutching a Yale pennant. It has been a fearful experience, and I am told that when I was delirious with fever and close to death's door I ordered two suits from Hong Kong.

I recuperate in a ward full of many wonderful peasants, several of whom will later become close friends. There is Alfonso, whose mother wanted him to be a matador. He was gored by a bull and then later gored by his mother. And Juan, a simple pig farmer who could not write his name but somehow managed to defraud I.T.T. out of six million dollars. And old Hernández, who had ridden beside Zapata for many years, until the great revolutionary had him arrested for constantly kicking him.

RAIN. Six straight days of rain. Then fog. I sit in a London pub with Willie Maugham. I am distressed, because my first novel, "Proud Emetic," has been coolly received by the critics. Its one favorable notice, in the *Times*, was vitiated by the last sentence, which called the book "a miasma of asinine clichés unrivalled in Western letters."

Maugham explains that while this quote can be interpreted many ways, it might be best not to use it in the print ads. Now we stroll up Old Brompton Road, and the rains come again. I offer my umbrella to Maugham and he takes it, despite the fact he already has an umbrella. Maugham now carries two open umbrellas while I run along beside him.

"One must never take criticism too seriously," he tells me. "My first short story was harshly denounced by one particular critic. I brooded and made caustic remarks about the man. Then one day I reread the story and realized he had been correct. It *was* shallow and badly constructed. I never forgot the incident, and years later, when the Luftwaffe was bombing London, I shone a light on the critic's house."

Maugham pauses to buy and open a third umbrella. "In order to be a writer," he continues, "one must take chances and not be afraid to look foolish. I wrote 'The Razor's Edge' while wearing a paper hat. In the first draft of 'Rain,' Sadie Thompson was a parrot. We grope. We take risks. All I had when I began 'Of Human Bondage' was the conjunction 'and.' I knew a story with 'and' in it could be delightful. Gradually the rest took shape."

A gust of wind lifts Maugham off his feet and slams him into a building. He chuckles. Maugham then offers the greatest advice anyone could give to a young author: "At the end of an interrogatory sentence, place a question mark. You'd be surprised how effective it can be." —WOODY ALLEN

"Pettijohn, we expected you to perk up in the fourth quarter. Instead, you have sagged a notch or two."

•

AD MAN URGES
POLITICAL CHANGE

Washington (AP)—Ed Ney, president of one of the nation's largest advertising agencies, Young and Republican, called for a prohibition on spot political ads on television during the 1976 presidential election campaign.—*Houston Chronicle.*

Yes, but once you've crossed the Rubicam on a thing like this . . .

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CHRISTMAS

AFTER walking back from the village to his manor across the dimming snows, Sleptsov sat down in a corner, on a plush-covered chair he did not remember ever using before. It was the kind of thing that happens after some great calamity. Not your brother but a chance acquaintance, a vague country neighbor to whom you never paid much attention, with whom in normal times you exchange scarcely a word, is the one who comforts you wisely and gently, and hands you your dropped hat after the funeral service is over and you are reeling from grief, your teeth chattering, your eyes blinded by tears. The same can be said of inanimate objects. Any room, even the coziest and the most absurdly small, in the little-used wing of a great country house has an unlived-in corner. And it was such a corner in which Sleptsov sat.

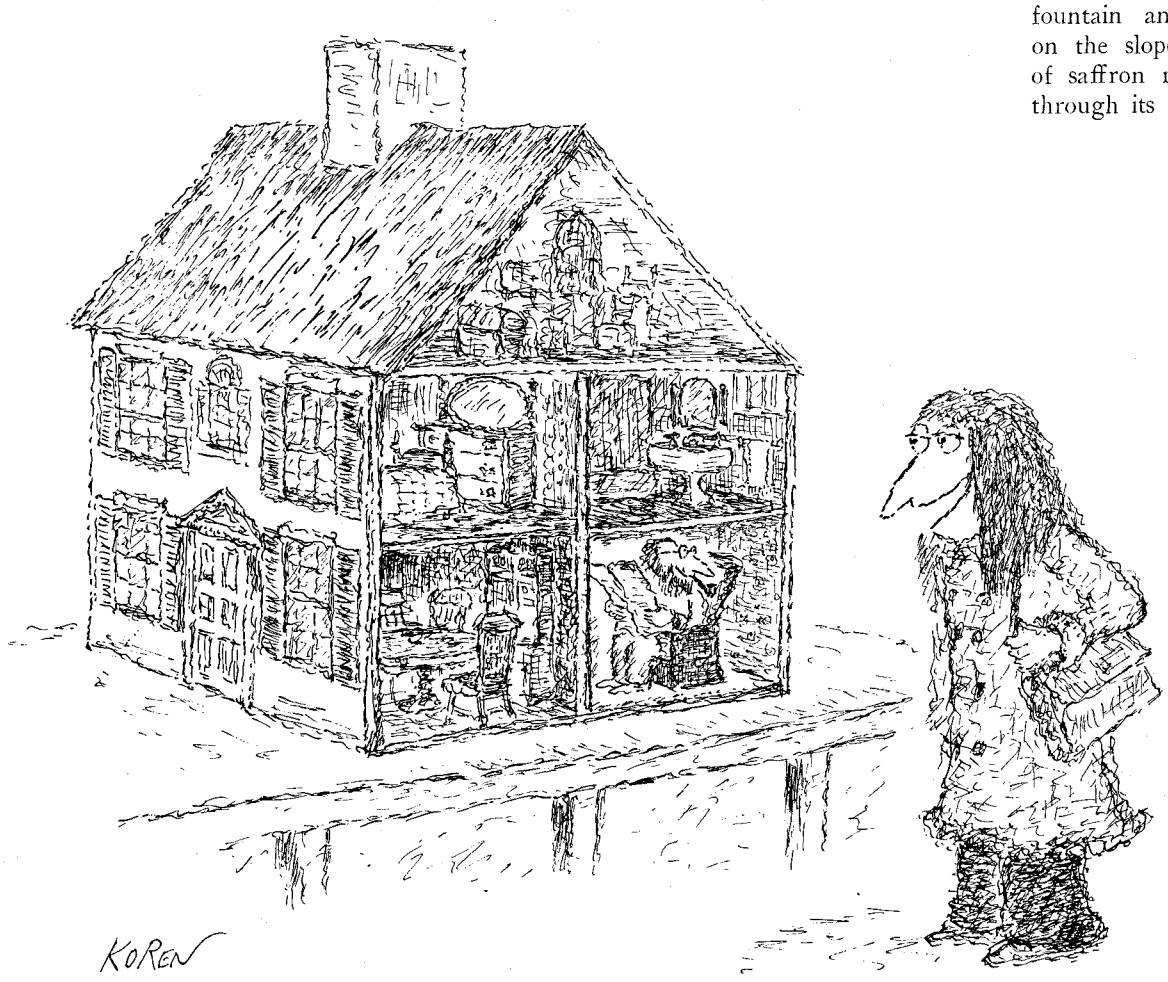
The wing was connected by a wooden gallery, now encumbered with our huge north-Russian snowdrifts, to the main house, used only in summer. There was no need to awaken it, to heat it: the master had come from Petersburg for only a couple of days and had settled in the annex, where it was a simple matter to get the stoves of white Dutch tile going.

The master sat in his out-of-the-way corner, on that plush chair, as in a doctor's waiting room. The room floated in darkness; the dense blue of early evening filtered through the crystal feathers of frost on the window-pane. Ivan, the quiet, portly valet, who had recently shaved off his mustache and now looked like his late father, the family butler, brought in a kerosene lamp, all trimmed and brimming with light. He set it on a small table, and noiselessly caged it within its pink silk shade. For an instant a tilted mirror reflected his lit ear and cropped gray hair. Then he withdrew and the door gave a subdued creak.

Sleptsov raised his hand from his knee and slowly examined it. A drop of candle wax had stuck and hardened in the thin fold of skin between two fingers. He spread his fingers and the little white scale cracked.

THE following morning, after a night spent in nonsensical, fragmentary dreams totally unrelated to his grief, as Sleptsov stepped out into the cold veranda, a floorboard emitted a merry pistol crack underfoot, and the reflections of the many-colored panes formed paradisal lozenges on the whitewashed cushionless window seats. The outer door resisted at first, then opened with a luscious crunch, and the dazzling frost hit his face. The reddish sand providently sprinkled on the ice coating the porch steps resembled cinnamon, and thick icicles shot with greenish blue hung from the eaves. The snowdrifts reached all the way to the windows of the annex, tightly gripping the snug little wooden structure in their frosty clutches. The creamy white mounds of what were flower beds in summer swelled slightly above the level snow in front of the porch, and farther off loomed the radiance of the park, where every black branch was rimmed with silver and the firs seemed to draw in their green paws under their bright, plump load.

Wearing high felt boots and a short fur-lined coat with a caracul collar, Sleptsov strode off slowly along a straight path, the only one cleared of snow, into that blinding distant landscape. He was amazed to be still alive, and able to perceive the brilliance of the snow and feel his front teeth ache from the cold. He even noticed that a snow-covered bush resembled a fountain and that a dog had left on the slope of a snowdrift a series of saffron marks, which had burned through its crust. A little farther, the supports of a footbridge stuck out of the snow, and there Sleptsov stopped. Bitterly, angrily, he pushed the thick, fluffy covering off the parapet. He vividly recalled how this bridge looked in summer. There was his son walking along the slippery planks, flecked with aments, and deftly plucking off with his net a butterfly that had settled on the railing. Now the boy sees his father. Forever lost laughter plays on the boy's face, under the turned-down brim of a straw hat burned dark by the sun; his hand toys with the chain of the leather purse attached to his belt; his dear smooth, sun-tanned legs in their serge shorts and soaked sandals assume their usual cheerful widespread stance. Just recently, in Petersburg, after having bab-



"Anything you want at the store?"

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"It's finally happened, Mr. Cramer. 'They' are here to see you."

• •

bled in his delirium about school, about his bicycle, about some great Oriental moth, he died, and yesterday Sleptsov had taken the coffin—weighed down, it seemed, with an entire lifetime—to the country, into the family vault near the village church.

It was quiet as it can only be on a bright, frosty day. Sleptsov raised his leg high, stepped off the path, and, leaving blue pits behind him in the snow, made his way among the trunks of amazingly white trees to the spot where the park dropped off toward the river. Far below, ice blocks sparkled near a hole cut in the smooth expanse of white, and, on the opposite bank, very straight columns of pink smoke stood above the snowy roofs of log cabins. Sleptsov took off his caracul cap and leaned against a tree trunk. Somewhere far away, peasants were chopping wood—every blow bounced resonantly skyward—and beyond the light silver mist of trees, high above the squat log huts, the sun caught the equanimous radiance of the cross on the church.

THAT was where he headed after lunch, in an old sleigh with a high straight back. The cod of the black stallion clacked strongly in the frosty air, the white plumes of low branches glided overhead, and the ruts in front gave off a silvery blue sheen. When he arrived, he sat for an hour or so by the grave, resting a heavy, woollen-gloved hand on the iron of the railing, which burned his hand through the wool. He came home with a slight sense of disappointment, as if there in the burial vault he had been even further removed from his son than here where the countless summer tracks of his rapid sandals were preserved beneath the snow.

In the evening, overcome by a fit of intense sadness, he had the main house unlocked. When the door swung open with a weighty wail, and a whiff of special, unwintery coolness came from the sonorous iron-barred vestibule, Sleptsov took the lamp with its tin reflector from the watchman's hand and entered the house alone. The parquet floors crackled eerily under his step. Room after room filled with yellow light, and the shrouded furniture seemed unfamiliar; instead of a tinkling chandelier, a soundless bag hung from the ceiling, and Sleptsov's enormous shadow, slowly extending one arm, floated across the wall and over the gray squares of curtained paintings.

He went into the room which had been his son's study in summer, set the lamp on the window ledge, and, breaking his fingernails as he did so, opened the folding shutters, even though all was darkness outside. In the blue glass the yellow flame of the slightly smoky lamp appeared, and his large, bearded face showed momentarily.

He sat down at the bare desk and sternly, from under bent brows, examined the pale wallpaper with its garlands of bluish roses; a narrow office-like cabinet, with sliding drawers from top to bottom; the couch and armchairs under slipcovers; and suddenly, dropping his head onto the desk, he started to shake, passionately, noisily, pressing first his lips, then his wet cheek to the cold, dusty wood and clutching at its far corners.

In the desk he found a notebook, spreading boards, supplies of black pins, and an English biscuit tin that contained a large exotic cocoon which had cost three rubles. It was papery to the touch and seemed made of a brown folded leaf. His son had remembered it during his sickness, regretting that he had left it behind but consoling himself with the thought that the chrysalid inside was probably dead. Sleptsov also found a torn net: a tarlatan bag on a collapsible hoop (and the muslin still

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smelled of summer and sun-hot grass).

Then, bending lower and lower and sobbing with his whole body, he began pulling out one by one the glass-topped drawers of the cabinet. In the dim lamplight the even files of specimens shone silklike under the glass. Here, in this room, on that very desk, his son had spread the wings of his captures. He would first pin the carefully killed insect in the cork-bottomed groove of the setting board, between the adjustable strips of wood, and fasten down flat with pinned strips of paper the still fresh, soft wings. They had now dried long ago and been transferred to the cabinet—those spectacular Swallowtails, those dazzling Coppers and Blues, and the various Fritillaries, some mounted in a supine position to display the mother-of-pearl undersides. His son used to pronounce their Latin names with a moan of triumph or in an arch aside of disdain. And the moths, the moths, the first Aspen Hawk of five summers ago!

THE night was smoke-blue and moonlit; thin clouds were scattered about the sky but did not touch the delicate, icy moon. The trees, masses of gray frost, cast dark shadows on the drifts, which scintillated here and there with metallic sparks. In that plush-upholstered, well-heated room of the annex, Ivan had placed a two-foot fir tree in a clay pot on the table, and was just attaching a candle to its cruciform tip when Sleptsov returned from the main house, chilled, red-eyed, with gray dust smears on his cheek, carrying a wooden case under his arm. Seeing the Christmas tree on the table, he asked absently, "What's that?"

Relieving him of the case, Ivan answered in a low, mellow voice, "There's a holiday coming up tomorrow."

"No, take it away," said Sleptsov with a frown, while thinking, Can this be Christmas Eve? How could I have forgotten?

Ivan gently insisted, "It's nice and green. Let it stand for a while."

"Please take it away," repeated Sleptsov, and bent over the case he had brought. In it he had gathered his son's belongings—the folding butterfly net, the biscuit tin with the pear-shaped cocoon, the spreading boards, the pins in their lacquered box, the blue notebook. Half of the first page had been torn out, and its remaining fragment contained part of a French dictation. There followed daily entries, names of captured butterflies, and other notes:

Walked across the bog as far as Borovichi . . .

Raining today. Played checkers with Father, then read Goncharov's "Frigate," a deadly bore.

Marvellous hot day. Rode my bike in the evening. A midge got in my eye. Deliberately rode by her dacha twice, but didn't see her. . . .

Sleptsov raised his head, swallowed something hot and huge. Of whom was his son writing?

Rode my bike as usual. Our eyes nearly met. My darling, my love . . .

"This is unthinkable," whispered Sleptsov. "I'll never know . . ."

He bent over again, avidly deciphering the childish handwriting that slanted up then curved down in the margin.

Saw a fresh specimen of the Camberwell Beauty today. That means autumn is here. Rain in the evening. She has probably left, and we didn't even get acquainted. Farewell, my darling. I feel terribly sad. . . .

"He never said anything to me . . ." Sleptsov tried to remember, rubbing his forehead with his palm.

On the last page there was an ink drawing: the hind view of an elephant—two thick pillars, the corners of two ears, and a tiny tail.

Sleptsov got up. He shook his head, restraining yet another onrush of hideous sobs.

"I-can't-bear-it-any-longer," he drawled between groans, repeating even more slowly, "I—can't—bear—it—any—longer . . ."

It's Christmas tomorrow, came the abrupt reminder, and I'm going to die. Of course. It's so simple. This very night . . .

He pulled out a handkerchief and dried his eyes, his beard, his cheeks. Dark streaks remained on the handkerchief.

". . . death," Sleptsov said softly, as if concluding a long sentence.

The clock ticked. Frost patterns overlapped on the blue glass of the window. The open notebook shone radiantly on the table; next to it the light went through the muslin of the butterfly net, and glistened on a corner of the open tin. Sleptsov pressed his eyes shut, and had a fleeting sensation that earthly life lay before him, totally bared and comprehensible—and ghastly in its sadness, humiliatingly pointless, sterile, devoid of miracles.

At that instant there was a sudden snap—a thin sound like that of an overstretched rubber band breaking. Sleptsov opened his eyes. The cocoon in the biscuit tin had burst at its tip, and a black, wrinkled creature the size of a mouse was crawling up the wall above the table. It stopped, holding on to the surface with six black furry feet, and started palpitating strangely. It had emerged from the chrysalid because a man overcome with grief had transferred a tin box to his warm room and the warmth had penetrated its taut

THE BIRTH OF THE MIRACULOUS CHILD

In the dark morning when most children are born,
When only a few all-night lights star the prairie
And the east shifts slowly from black to blue,
When farm wives have their worst and most accurate dreams,
The girl in danger inside the only bright house
Believes with all her strength there are in the sky
Planets crossing, and an old woman in town
Starts in her bed, and, indeed, the next day,
When others shuffle along the dry road
To drop gifts and glimpse the miracle,
They remark that this at last might be
The child born at God's order for purposes other
Than riding the field all day, for drinking
And coming after them at the very worst moment,
That this at last might be a man to free whores
And teach men to cherish something other
Than grudges, to show them in short
More than stars above the night wheat . . .
But no, he too tosses firecrackers
In early spring, baits black boys, and,
Growing old, spends his days wagering—
Or so I imagine it must have been
For him to turn and tell of the hours one day
He spent at the sink when his mother
Told him of the mark of innocence on his face.

—NORM WILLIAMS

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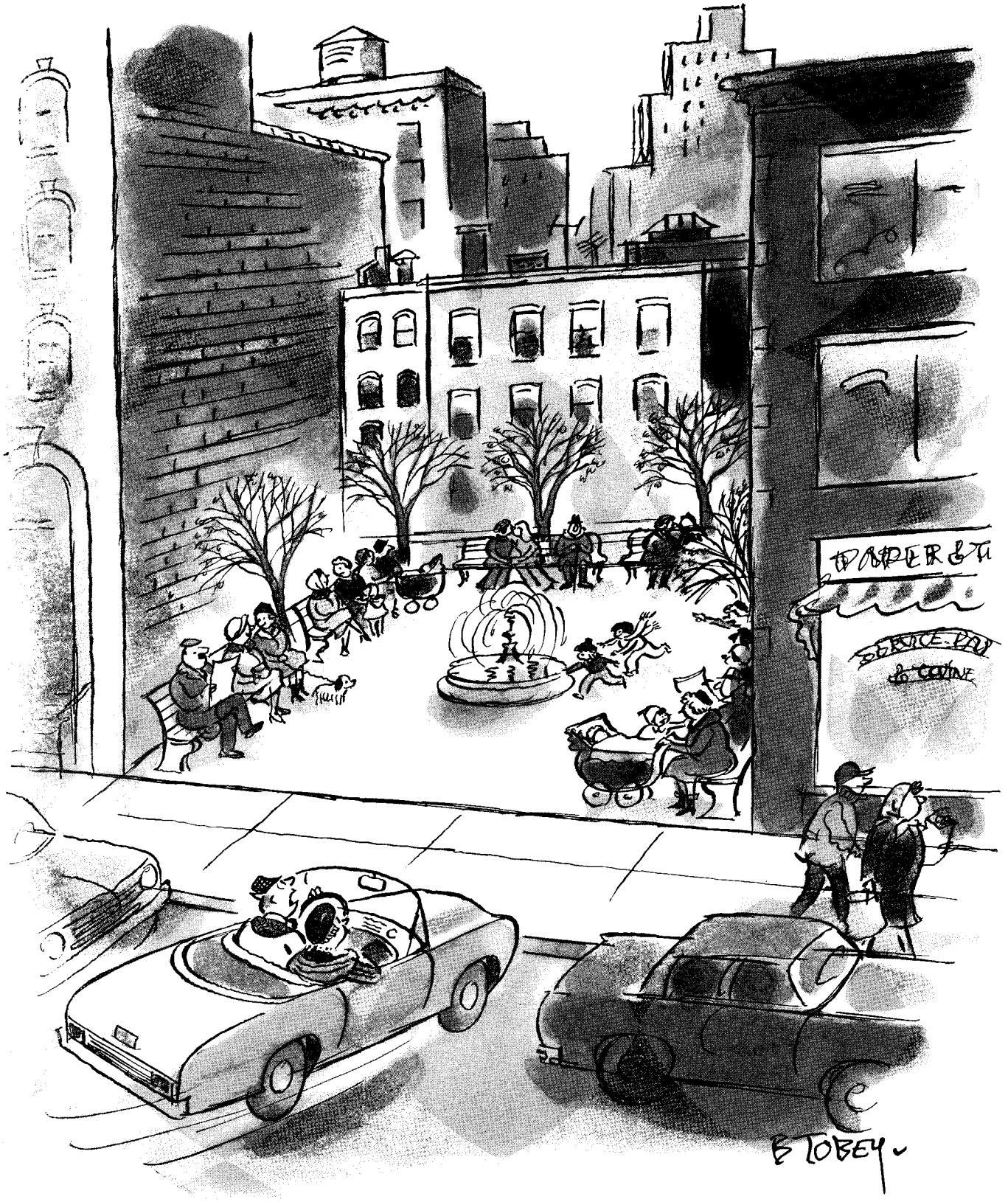

"This city is going to hell! That used to be a parking lot."

• •

leaf-and-silk envelope; it had awaited this moment so long, had collected its strength so tensely, and now, having broken out, it was slowly and miraculously expanding. Gradually the wrinkled tissues, the velvety fringes unfurled; the fan-pleated veins grew firmer as they filled with air. It became a winged thing imperceptibly, as a maturing face imperceptibly becomes beautiful. And its wings—still feeble, still moist—kept growing and unfolding, and now they were developed to the limit set for them by God, and there, on the wall, instead of a little lump of life, instead of a dark mouse, was a great *Attacus* moth like those that fly, birdlike, around lamps in the Indian dusk.

And then those thick black wings, with a glazy eyespot on each and a purplish bloom dusting their hooked foretips, took a full breath under the impulse of tender, ravishing, almost human happiness. —VLADIMIR NABOKOV

(Translated, from the Russian text of 1925, by Dmitri Nabokov, in collaboration with the author.)

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SENSE AND CENTENARIES

THAT Sir Walter Elliot, of Kellynch Hall, in Somersetshire, should never rest his eye upon any other entry in *Who Was Who* than his own is not to be supposed.

"I never thought highly of Ellenborough," he had been heard to observe to his eldest daughter Elizabeth, when the name of the Lord Chief Justice caught his not very willing attention. "Attorneys too readily engage themselves in the affairs of others to be altogether gentleman-like."

On a different occasion a fitful draught from an inconvenient window so far disturbed his choice of reading that he found himself contemplating, with wrinkled lip, the careers of several Elphinstones, until a sense of what was owing to himself restored his attention to a more familiar and more welcome creation.

No such predispositions, however, confined the enjoyment of his second daughter Anne. *She* did not scruple to turn the pages of the great book as fancy or inclination dictated, nor did she feel herself ill-used if it fell open as far afield as Lord Acton or the Bishop of Zululand. It was Anne who, on receiving the volume from Sir Walter when he had satisfied himself with a third or fourth reading of his own history, quietly withdrew her eyes from a page that, through her father's self-indulgence, had long excited her disgust, and was soon agreeably refreshing her jaded spirits with other names, other histories.

Experience had taught Anne that sensible conversation, a sympathetic concern with people, problems, the world that lay outside his own narrow circle of acquaintance were not to be expected from her father or Elizabeth. But now, as she bent her head over the pages, she made a discovery which her lively mind and generous wish to please prompted her, despite every discouragement, to share with her companions.

"'Austen, Jane,'" cried Anne. "'Born December the 16th, 1775.' No very prolonged reflection is needed to convince me that she would have been two hundred years old this Christmas."

"Austen?" replied Sir Walter with a shrug. "I have no one of my acquaintance with that name. There was at one time a Sir Austen, I believe, who dabbled in the offensive trade of politics."

"Did not his father Joseph manufacture screws in Birmingham?" put in Elizabeth coolly.

Anne was not to be so easily put down by their ill-bred disdain.

"You do not entirely comprehend me," said she. "The lady who at present commands my interest is a Miss Austen, the daughter of a respectable clergyman, of Steventon in the county of Hampshire. Do not you know that she is the author of some six or seven romances praised on every hand for their neatness of expression, propriety of diction, and refined delineation of character?"

"Novels!" rejoined Sir Walter, looking his indignation. "I am by no means disposed to countenance the mention in my house of so objectionable a mode of writing. Romances," turning to Elizabeth, "as your sister presumes to call them, excite my contempt on a number of counts. In the first place—"

Whatever were the grounds upon which Sir Walter based his dismissal of Miss Austen's pretensions, they were not now to be heard. The sound of wheels on the gravel, followed soon after by the announcement of a party of callers, brought his opening periods abruptly to a conclusion, and he retired to a far corner of the room in no more contented a frame of mind than is commonly the lot of persons who, with nothing of consequence to say, feel all the mortification and indignity of being deprived of an opportunity to say it.

Their unexpected visitors proved, to Anne's pleasure at least, to be all old friends, and in the bustle and animation of arrival, greetings exchanged, inquiries to be made, every body delighted, nothing so agreeable as a surprise, Anne had time only to observe that the party included Mr. Knightley, Miss Bates, Mr. Woodhouse and his daughter Emma, Frank Churchill, Mr.

"And I hereby swear that should my quest for the secret of superstrength be successful, I shall use this power only for good."

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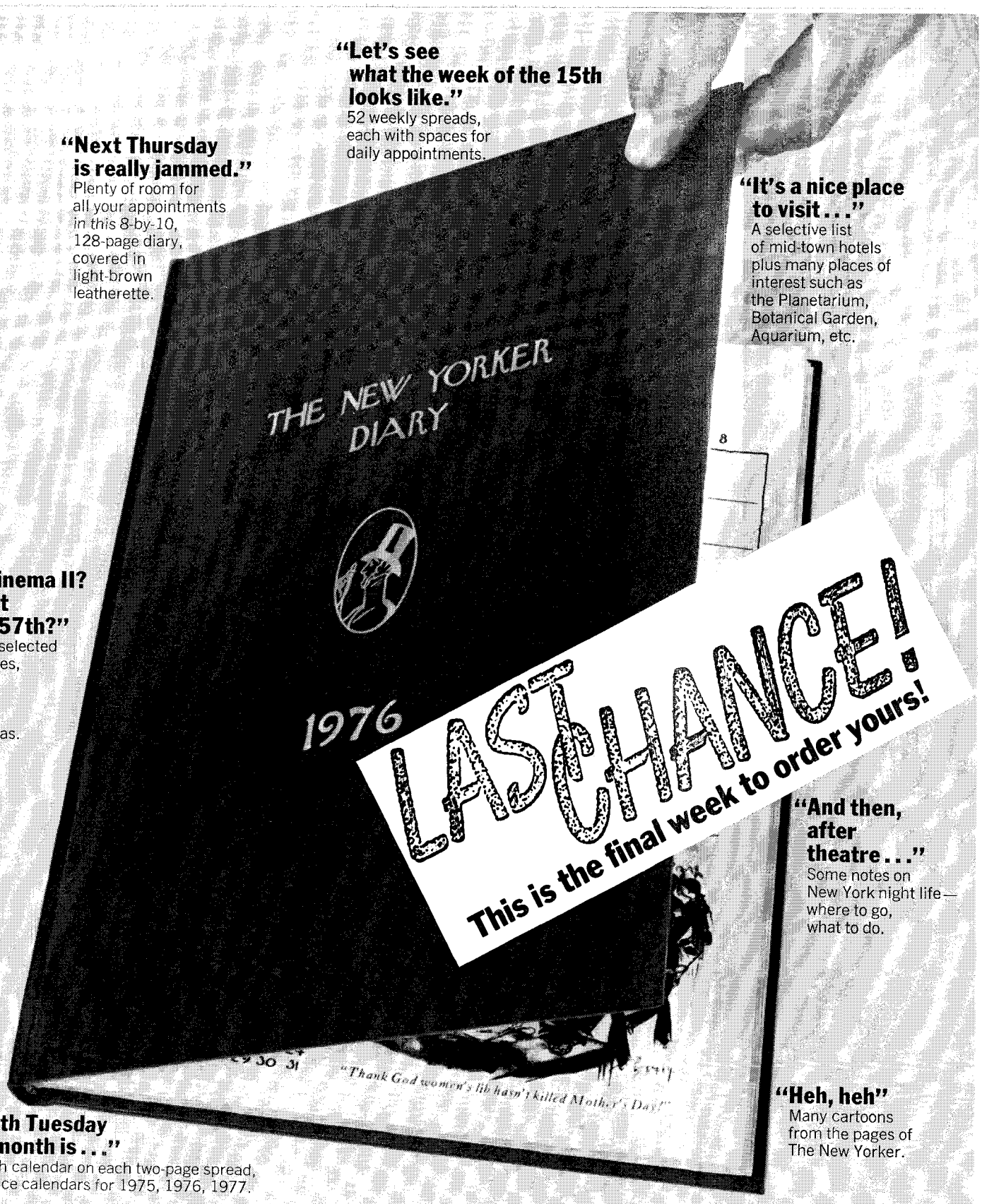
"Let's see what the week of the 15th looks like."
52 weekly spreads, each with spaces for daily appointments.

"Next Thursday is really jammed."
Plenty of room for all your appointments in this 8-by-10, 128-page diary, covered in light-brown leatherette.

"It's a nice place to visit . . ."
A selective list of mid-town hotels plus many places of interest such as the Planetarium, Botanical Garden, Aquarium, etc.



"It's at Cinema II? Is that at 58th or 57th?"
A listing of selected movie houses, theatres, museums, galleries, sports arenas.

LAST CHANCE!
This is the final week to order yours!

"And then, after theatre . . ."
Some notes on New York night life—where to go, what to do.

"The fourth Tuesday of next month is . . ."
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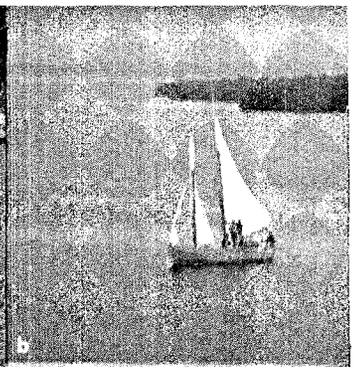
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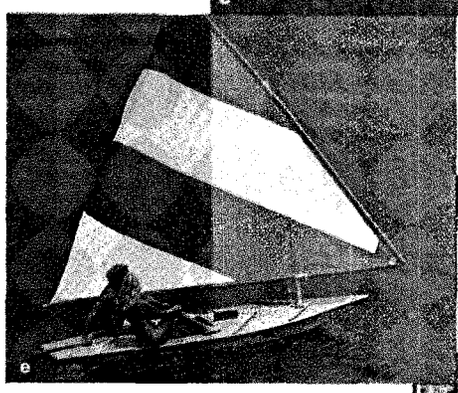
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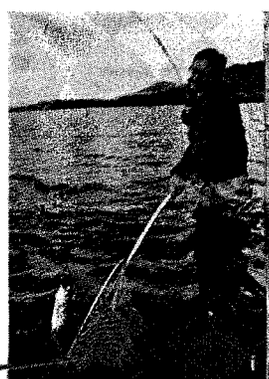
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(a.) Polo in an Andes meadow. (b.) Chartered fishing in the Caribbean. (c.&d.) Playing on our Golf and Tennis Tours. (You have a choice of two locations.) (e.) A sailboat rental is a bargain $2 an hour. (f.) It's called a "Carito," and it's over 30 pounds. (g.) Splashing it up at Santa Marta. (h.) Rounding the bend at the Bogotá Hippodrome. (i.) A trout catch at Lago Neusa. (j.) Scuba diving in our unspoiled Caribbean. (k.) An intercity match in Bogotá. (l.) A Cartagena Casino. (The ones with smiles are winning.)

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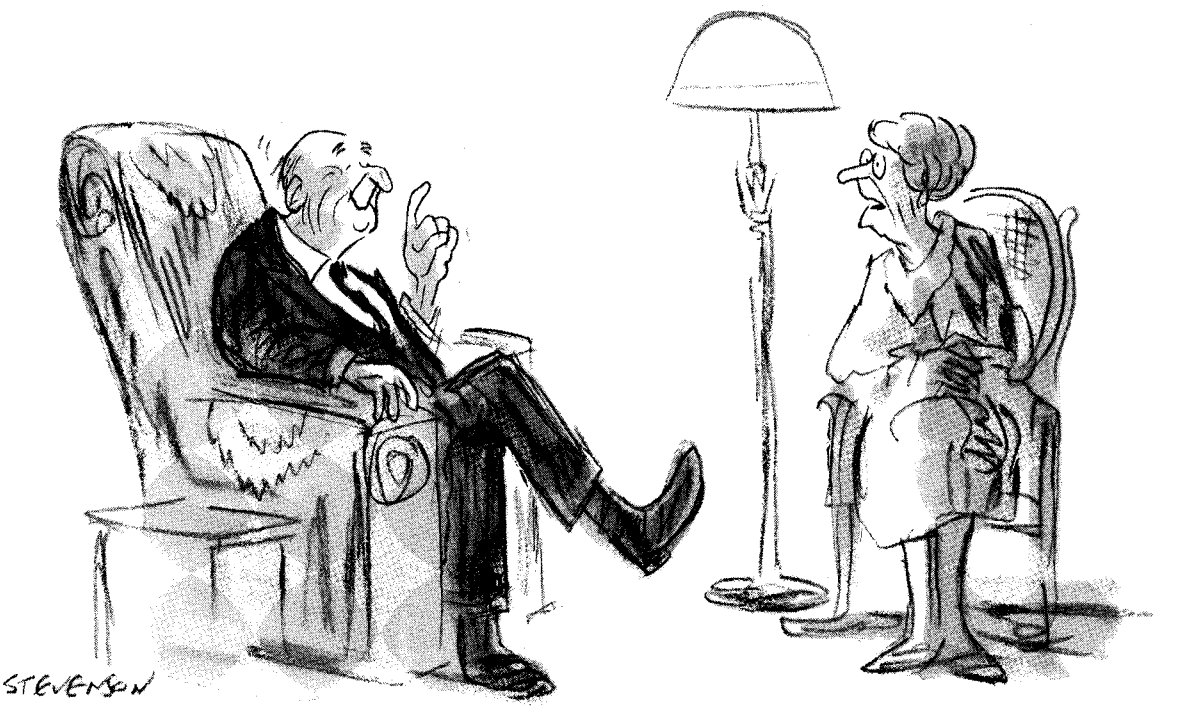

"As he gets older, he gets funnier—that's the difference between you and George Burns."

• •

Bennet with *his* daughter Elizabeth, Mr. Collins, Mrs. Henry Dashwood and the Misses Dashwood, Mrs. Norris, Mr. Edmund Bertram looking grave, General Tilney, and Miss Mary Crawford with a number of young men in attendance, before her attention was claimed by Mrs. Elton, who pushed herself forward with—

"Is not this a good scheme? My brother's barouche-landau—my brother, Mr. Suckling of Maple Grove, you know—happened to be not required and it was very soon spoken for, I assure you. 'Let us make a plan,' said I. Mr. Bennet heard me. 'Let us make up a party,' I said—Did not I, Mr. Bennet?—'Let us all call upon Sir Walter and family, to wish them the compliments of the season,' I said. And here we are! Was not that well thought of?"

"You must have been a little crushed, I fear."

"Oh no, indeed. My brother's barouche-landau—"

"Mrs. Elton is not easily crushed," said Mr. Bennet.

Anne could not but be reminded, by Mrs. Elton's alluding to the season of the year, of the subject that had so lately engaged her attention and aroused her compassionate reflections upon the passage of time. A pause in the flow of talk at length afforded an opportunity, long sought after, to share her discovery with a mind of more solid worth, of very much more real understanding than her father's.

"I have been reading," turning eagerly to Mr. Bennet, "of Miss Austen, of Miss Jane Austen, of Steventon in the county of Hampshire. It is her anniversary, you know. Is it not strange? She was to be two hundred this very month."

"You had better not let Sir Walter hear of it. Age distresses him."

"Oh, as to centenaries and every thing of that kind, I declare I have no patience," cried Mrs. Elton. "It does not signify to *me* whether a person is two hundred or a hundred and ninety-nine. Only think! If we had all been born with eight fingers and toes instead of ten, should we not then be celebrating Miss Austen's anniversary in—I do not clearly comprehend *when* we should be doing so. Mr. E. will tell us."

Mr. Elton looked his ability to help, but said nothing.

"Very true. That is very true, Mrs. Elton," said Mr. Weston, who had just now joined the little group with Emma upon his arm. "We must all be thankful indeed that Providence has equipped us to count so comfortably in round numbers. The fowls of the air, I believe, who have but four or five toes, are quite without the means of enumerating even the eggs within their nests."

Emma had time to observe that Mr. Knightley, standing a little apart, had turned away to hide his contempt of such folly, before interposing a sensible reminder that the movements of the heavenly bodies were themselves not without influence on the passing of the years. "Were the earth to complete her journey round the sun in no more than a hundred and eighty days, we should all be twice as old as we are now. Do not you agree, Anne?"

Whatever may have been Anne's opinions on an observation that struck her with all the force of novelty, they were not to be granted the opportunity of expression. Her father, who had for some time been listening to the interchange with a countenance of growing disapprobation, now broke out angrily, "I am by no means disposed to agree that the movement of any thing has power to affect the age or, I presume to add, the looks of any body with a proper regard for his appearance. There may be those"—with a conscious glance at Lady Catherine de Bourgh—"for whom, I am ready to believe, the years pass more rapidly than for others who have been, I will not say more fortunate but less exposed to the disgusting ravages of time."

All felt the impropriety, the loss of ease. All *wished* for something to say, but all lacked the power of utterance. Emma herself, with a determination to share with Mr. Knightley some reflections on the evil of consequence unsupported by sound judgment and the insensibility—worse, the indelicacy—to which vanity corrupted by defective principles could lead, had at last composed herself to begin when Miss Bates was heard to say,

"Journeys round the sun, did some body say? I am sure I do not quite understand— Every one so clever! And Miss Austen, too! I said to Mr. Darcy, did not I, Jane? 'Mr. Darcy,' I said, 'is not Miss Jane'—that is the other Miss Jane, not Miss Fairfax, of course. 'Miss Jane Austen,' I said, 'is not she clever, though perhaps not always very'— Such disagreeable ladies as she tells of—I don't think I ever! Oh, there you are, Mrs. Norris! *And* Miss Elizabeth Elliot? How do you do? Mrs. John Dashwood, too, and is that dear Mrs. Elton? Delightful. Such a brilliant company! Where was I? Oh

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yes, I was remarking on Miss Austen's disagreeable ladies, dear Lady Catherine."

"This will never do," said Mr. Knightley, taking Emma aside. "This is worse than any thing. Not to be borne! Will no one put a term to her imprudence? Let Miss Bates be taken into the garden. Half an hour in the shrubbery might compose her."

Mr. Woodhouse, whose hearing was rarely at fault when a lady's walking without doors was proposed, began to be very agitated. "I should not at all recommend Miss Bates to venture upon any such thing," said he. "It is very damp."

Miss Bates, with rather more animation and fewer digressions than in present circumstances some of the company could wish, was continuing her catalogue of Miss Austen's insufferable women, had disposed of Mrs. Clay and plainly was searching her memory for the names of Lucy Steele and Mrs. Ferrars, when an interruption occurred from an unexpected quarter.

"Come, Miss Bates," cried Admiral Croft in his hearty way. "Let us be fair to Miss Austen. Her women, I grant you, are often of such a character, so uncharitable, so offensive an admixture of condescension and impertinence, so lacking in amiability, and in some cases so deficient, I regret to say, even in delicacy and moral principle, that one would be reluctant, *more* than reluctant, to admit them to one's acquaintance. That much I grant you, Miss Bates. But what of her men? Do not you agree that a finer collection of snobs, bores, and sanctimonious prigs was never yet gathered together within the pages of some half a dozen books?"

A murmured "Hear! Hear!" from a corner of the room where Mr. Wickham, Mr. Willoughby, Mr. Henry Crawford, and Mr. William Elliot had been for some time conversing quietly together did no more than momentarily check the Admiral's course.

"Ay, and more than that," he continued warmly. "For selfishness and rascally folly, for dissipation, unscrupulous trifling, black ingratitude, avarice, indulgence, and duplicity, for downright treachery and, I do not hesitate to add, sheer moral turpitude, where shall we look to find the equal of some of Miss Austen's younger men?"

"And she a clergyman's daughter!" whispered Fanny Price to Mrs. Collins. "Is it possible?"

"Upon my word, you express your opinion very decidedly," said Sir Thomas Bertram, with all the advantage of a man lately returned from Antigua. "Yet I venture to say that, far removed though many of Miss Austen's characters may be from that right judgment, those sound principles of conduct for which we look in our own families, our own acquaintance, there never was, I believe, a gathering of persons in whose company"—with an amiable glance around the room—"any one of us would prefer to pass a quiet afternoon or evening."

His younger son Edmund looked grave, and Mr. Edward Ferrars began to feel the need of an interval of meditation, of serious reflection. But a hearty "Well said!" from Frank Churchill and an equally warm "*There* is her art! *There* is genius" from Captain Benwick more exactly reflected the general complaisance with Sir Thomas's verdict.

Captain Harville, who had hitherto confined himself, with unaffected benevolence, to an occasional nod of agreement with what was going forward, now had a proposal to make. "On this occasion and at this season," said he, "would not it be appropriate, if Sir Walter will so far indulge us and if, as I believe to be true, good Mrs. Weston did not neglect to include one or two bottles—"

"An excellent scheme, my dear Harville," cried Mrs. Elton. "The hamper is in the barouche-landau. Fetch it quickly, Mr. E.!"

There was general assent, glasses procured with alacrity, warm congratulations for Captain Harville—no body could have thought of it, only to be expected from one whose profession called constantly for swift decision, bold expedients. Mr. Woodhouse's approval of the plan, however, had still to be obtained, and many anxious faces were turned in his direction until he was heard to say,

"I do not think that a small glass of wine, sipped slowly with a little water, would be unwholesome. By all means let us drink to the memory of poor Miss Austen."

"Why 'poor,' Papa?" said Emma, smiling. "She never married, you know."

All felt the impropriety, but all drank.

—H. F. Ellis

"You want 10A. This is 10B."

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PROFILES

THE QUACK AND DISNEY

NOW that Donald Duck has retired from the screen, Clarence "Ducky" Nash, seventy-one, concentrates on his hobbies. Ducky is the voice of Donald Duck—for the last forty years the most recognizable voice in the world. It was first heard in movie theatres in 1934, when Ducky created the roles of The Duck and Peter Pig in Walt Disney's "The Wise Little Hen." The two animals were members of The Lazy Man's Club and refused to help Mrs. Hen—whose voice was recorded by Florence Gill, later famous for her operatic hens—plant her corn, although they were willing to eat it. Peter Pig was never heard from again. "No one could understand his snorts," Ducky said at the Disney Studios the other day, in his own relaxed, nonstartling, slightly twangy baritone. But the barely intelligible Donald clicked immediately. The rest is history. Donald went on to star in a hundred and twenty-six cartoon shorts and two full-length features produced between then and 1961—when Disney stopped making eight-minute cartoons, because theatre owners believed that the drawing power of short subjects had diminished so much that they weren't worth paying for anymore. Fourteen years later, The Duck appears in this country only in newspaper comic strips, on Disneyland and Walt Disney World souvenir items, and as a robot in a Bicentennial pageant at both Disney parks. Abroad, he still figures in comic strips or comic books or TV reruns or specially concocted film packages of the old cartoons in at least seventy-five countries and twenty-one languages. Despite the lack of recent vehicles, Donald is still, to judge by his fan mail, the most universally popular figment of the human imagination. Santa Claus is popular, but he's seasonal.

Clarence Nash

"Oh, Mr. Nash," said a crinolined waitress to Ducky not long ago at Disneyland's exclusive Club 33—which is part of a faithful seven-eighths-scale reproduction of old New Orleans and is open only to important people and Disneyland concessionaires—"out of all the people I've served and met up here, really you're the cat's meow. Our little six-year-old son is fascinated by the character of Donald Duck, so for two years he's *been* Donald Duck. I made him a little costume."

"Hi, toots," Ducky said in Donald's voice a few minutes later to a tiny girl.

"Why are you talking like Donald Duck?" she asked him.

"I don't know," said Ducky, again in Duck talk.

Of Disney's Big Three—Donald Duck, Mickey Mouse, and Goofy (or The Duck, The Mouse, and The Goof, as they are known around the studio)—The Duck, thanks to Ducky, was the only one who ever had a real personality; i.e., he was allowed to get angry, and thus contrasted vividly with the ever-cheerful Mickey Mouse, whose falsetto homilies were piped from Disney's own throat. "We began to have an awful hard time finding stories for Mickey," Jack Hannah, a thirty-year man at the Disney Studios, told us recently. Hannah, an animator turned writer turned director of close to a hundred Donald Duck shorts, is now teaching animation at the Film School of the California Institute of the Arts. "Mickey began as a mischief-maker, but he developed right off the bat into a little hero type, and you couldn't knock him around too much. And Goofy—you couldn't knock the simpleton. The great thing with him was watching him thinking. The Duck was very versatile to work with—it was easy to find a situation for him. He could own a honey farm and get into trouble with Humphrey the Bear. He could go to the beach and have trouble with a bee, as he did in 'Bee at the Beach.' Donald could be anything. He had every emotion a human being had. He could be cute, mischievous, go from warm to cool at any moment. You could half kill him and he'd come right back. He instigated trouble. Not mean—but he always saw a chance to have fun at other people's expense. He'd set up a situation, let's say with the two chipmunks, and kill himself laughing behind a fence, and then he'd go too far and it would backfire. That was the essence of his personality—that and his temper. He'd start out looking like he just stepped out of Sunday school, and he'd try so hard to be good, but then he'd get tempted. Ducky used a more or less falsetto voice for The Duck, but he could sing in that voice, he could be sweet, he could throw a tantrum."

Good animated characters begin with the best voices. Have to. "We need a voice where we can hear attitudes and expression," Frank Thomas, known around the studio as the animator who uses his brains, told us, in Ducky's company. "The dialogue is always recorded before we start to draw the characters. We've had fine and famous actors come in and do voices and I couldn't see anything. Ducky, with this crazy quack of his—you really believed it." Thomas struck a few Duck-like poses—screeching to a halt and glaring suspiciously over his shoulder. "The drawings developed right out of the voice. Florence Gill, the same thing. And, you know, she looked like a chicken. Well, Ducky looks sort of like a duck."

This is unfair to Ducky. He looks

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like a cross between Harry Truman, whom he knew when both were young men, and a duck. He's a friendly guy, and very funny. He's short, about five-two. He has white hair, a tan, a mustache, and glasses with an inconspicuous hearing aid built in, and he wears suits a corporation lawyer would consider respectable, together with a giant turquoise belt buckle he polished himself.

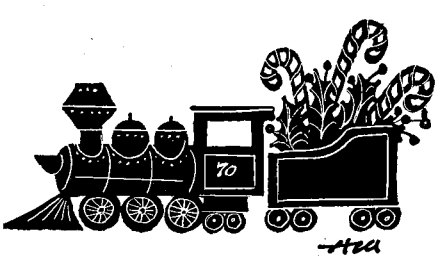
"Ducky's voice really teased you," Thomas continued. "You understood just enough. You could really get by a censor."

"You couldn't even say 'Nuts!' audibly in the thirties," Ducky said. "We tried it once and were forced to dub in 'I give up!' "

"We were always trying to think of words Donald couldn't pronounce," said Thomas. "Ducky, say 'licorice' and 'insurance adjuster.' "

Ducky put the left side of his tongue against his upper left molars, formed a pocket high in his left cheek, opened his mouth, and forced air through the pocket. Duck talk emerged. (The vocal cords are not used at all for Duck talk.) In Donald's voice he said the words 'licorice' and 'insurance adjuster' flawlessly. Then he grinned at Thomas and, in his own voice, said he really wanted the studio to make just one last Duck picture—a movie in which Donald would do nothing but sing grand opera. "I'm not just asking for myself," Ducky said. "Get someone else to do The Duck." Thomas groaned. Ducky then made Donald sing "Ridi, Pagliaccio, sul tuo amore infranto!" and the rest of "Vestí la giubba." Earlier, driving us to the studio in his light-emerald Chrysler New Yorker, he had done another Leoncavallo number. And the day before, in the handsomely appointed men's room of Club 33, the only Creole restaurant in the world that puts Pluto on its doggie bags, he had given us Donald's rendition of "Trois Canards," a French-Canadian ditty with the refrain "*Couac, couac, couac, couac.*" And the day before *that*, in a tiny, roofless simulated motel room inside a mammoth and otherwise empty Disney sound stage, he had given us the title song from "The Three Caballeros," a Duck classic of Disney's Second World War Latin period, which began when Nelson Rockefeller, then Assistant Secretary of State, gave Disney some State Department money to open up a South American market to replace the European markets temporarily cornered by Leni Riefenstahl. Opera singing in the Duck voice is one of Ducky's hobbies.

So is gem polishing. Some of the other hobbies he had time to tell us about during a three-day trip we made to Los Angeles are: prospecting for gold; hooking Donald Duck rugs; camping with Margie, his wife of forty-five years, in the Nash Cabin, his snug camper; fishing; winemaking; gardening; rockhounding and opal hunting; baking lemon-meringue and pecan pies and burnt-sugar cakes (he showed us two nicely framed color snaps of six pies he had baked for his nieces); repairing furniture; teaching circus tricks to his miniature schnauzer, Fritz; collecting stray golf balls on his walks with Fritz; real estate—he's a licensed agent; playing the mandolin; keeping up with old friends from days on the Chautauqua circuit; talking Duck talk to kids and pretty girls; telling stories; and frogging. One time when he was out after frogs— "This is the craziest sight ever seen" is the way Ducky begins this particular story. "You won't believe it, but I'll tell it. I went frogging one night in Missouri with a pretty girl—this was before I met Margie—and I didn't think to take a sack for the frogs. I got a nice big



THE PEACEABLE KINGDOM, FRANCE

(La Vieille Église—Gard)

This is the peaceable kingdom.
There are scorpions here,
And two hundred people in the valley.
Below, the ruined village sits
Like a stage set.

It is a vat of stillness:
Cocks crow at all hours,
Dogs bark from habit,
The birdsong is like glitter
Save for one cuckoo.
These sounds prick the silence,
Complete it.

There are others:
Warplanes jet past in twos on Tuesdays
And fill the gorge with the sound of rockslides.
On the BBC from London
They are interviewing Mickey Rooney.

The rain at midnight turns to hail
And calls for a cigarette.
There are mists at dawn;
The sunlight
Saturates the soil, the rock, the air,
Raising a perfume.

Clouds rise at the rim of the plateau
And move above us,
The wind,
The wind
Comes up from nothing, from anywhere,
Sails into the olive trees,
Stops.

We play at innocence;
Small ironies impress;
And if we seek a damp spot,
Tip the stones
To find a scorpion,
It is neither metaphor nor malice
Moves us,
Moves the rock;
It is because we have never seen one.

—Edward Albee

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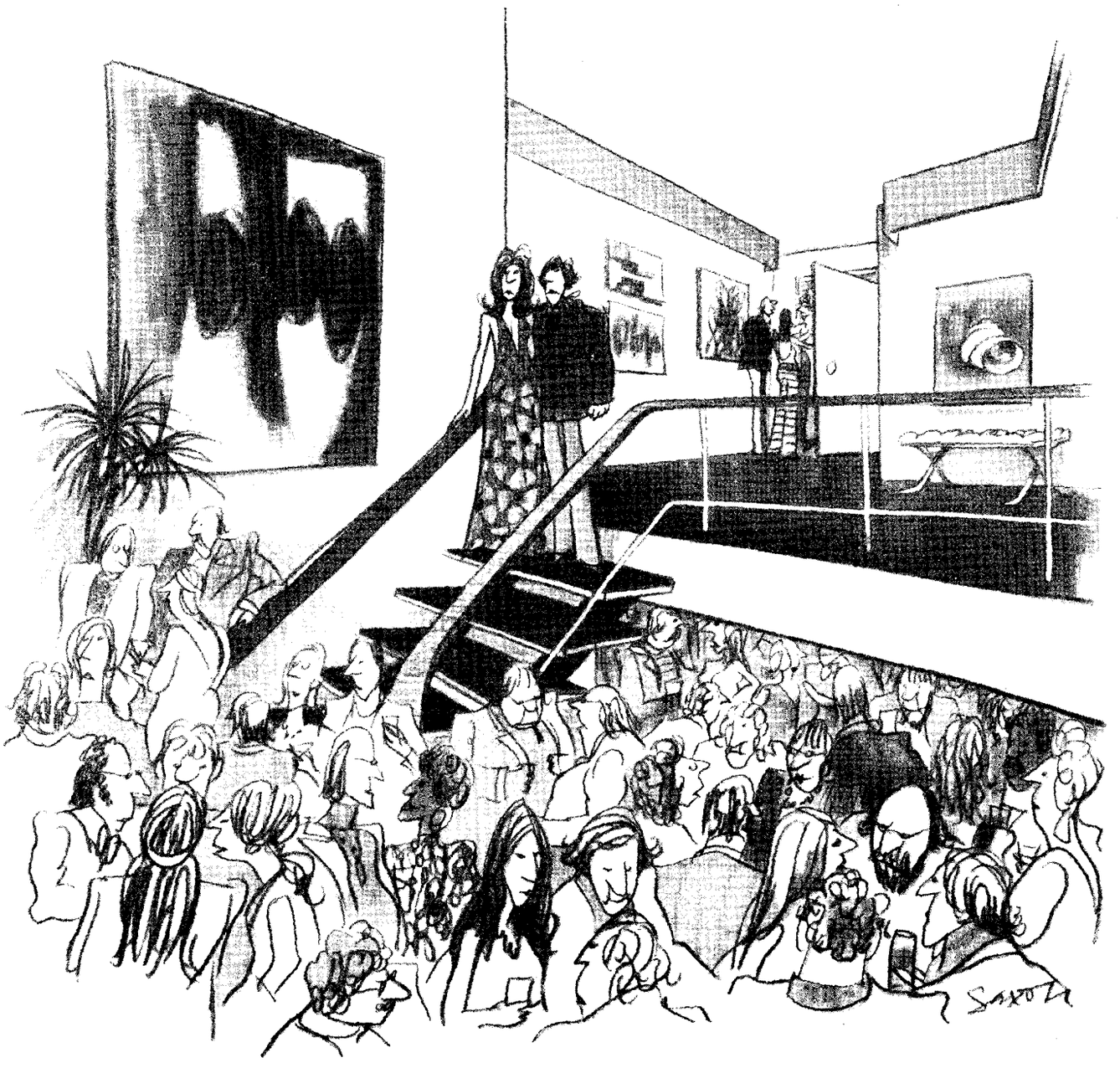

"Where's the foreground, do you think?"

• •

one, and I didn't have anything empty but a paper bag. So I wrapped him in the bag, put it down by the road, and went to the pond with the girl. Well, her mother and a friend were driving along the road, and they just had to stop, because there was a paper bag hopping across the road."

CLARENCE NASH was born in Watonga, a small Oklahoma town a fair piece from Oklahoma City, on December 7, 1904, three years before the Territory of Oklahoma joined the Union. Clarence's dad, Everett Oakley "Red" Nash, had built the Watonga general store and the farmhouse his family lived in. Red had moved to Oklahoma in search of opportunity. Ducky's mother's father, a peaceable German tailor from Dickendorf named Alexander Jacoby, left the old country so his sons could escape military conscription, and arrived in Missouri just in time for his oldest boy to enlist in the Spanish-American War. The civilian Jacobys then bought a farm in Oklahoma near Red's place, and that's how Ducky's parents met. Clarence grew up surrounded by animal noises, and he imitated them, the way farm kids do. This is what he remembers about Oklahoma—this and wild daisies and his mother's love for his beautiful long, blond little-boy curls. Once, she made him a Little Lord Fauntleroy suit, which Ducky stoutly refused to wear to school, and when he was six she asked him what he wanted for his birthday. "A haircut!" At seven, the shorn Ducky wanted to be a priest or a doctor. He had two baby raccoons and a baby coyote as pets. When he was nine, the family moved to Glasgow, Missouri, to be near his Grandmother Jacoby, and then next year to Fairmount, an unincorporated community that is now part of Independence. Here Ducky had a paper route and studied the mandolin with his cousin Alma, a music teacher, and discovered that all the kids in school tried to outdo each other making animal noises. By the time he was twelve, Ducky could imitate with fair accuracy baby chickens, baby turkeys, baby ducks, dogs, cats, horses, pigs, a number of birds, raccoons, and baby coyotes. At the age of thirteen, he traded two rabbits for his final childhood pet, a baby billy goat

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that bleated in the high-pitched, strangled manner of little billy goats. One day, Ducky turned up in school prepared to recite "Mary Had a Little Lamb" in the baby goat's voice. It went over big, and at that moment Ducky heard a voice—he didn't tell us what kind—whisper in his ear, "That's a voice you're going to use someday." It's the baby goat's voice he's been using for the last forty years for Donald Duck.

•

DONALD DUCK'S MOVIE VOICE HEARD IN CAVE OF THE WINDS

Clarence Nash of Hollywood . . . had his turn this morning with B. P. Ritter, supervisor of guides at the Cave of the Winds. Donald Duck was quacking all over the cave, and Ritter couldn't do a thing about it. Ritter was principal of a Kansas City school when Nash was a pupil there and used to keep the boy after school for imitating animals instead of doing his arithmetic problems. —*Newspaper clipping in Ducky's scrapbook.*

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In high school, in Kansas City, Missouri, Clarence was taken to local performances of the Redpath Chautauqua-and-Lyceum-circuit shows, and he decided to join a Chautauqua instead of becoming a priest or a doctor. The Lyceums, which began in 1826, brought the natural sciences to the rural areas for the first time and were the mainstay of rural public education before public schools were established on the frontier. Daniel Webster, Mark Twain, Carry Nation, Henry D. Thoreau, and Booker T. Washington all addressed Lyceum crowds for high fees. Entertainment was added to the program when there got to be too many Lyceums for the available oratorical talent to handle. As a result, the Lyceums were also the mainstay of rural public amusement before radios, phonographs, and the talkies were invented. The Chautauqua movement—named for Chautauqua Lake, in upstate New York—began as an enormously successful Methodist summer program that provided moral, intellectual, and emotional uplift in a pleasant tent encampment laid out something like a rustic Disneyland. Little Chautauquas followed, and were especially numerous in Iowa and Missouri. The movement's historians credit it with originating the correspondence school, the public library, and Bob La Follette's Progressive Party. Regional talent-scout bureaus scoured outlying districts in the Midwest for local talent to appear with William Jennings Bryan, and signed up phrenologists, Swiss bell ringers, and chalk talkers—fellows who rhythmically drew huge sentimental landscapes while talking about Home and Mother and singing "Come Where the Campfire Is Gleaming" and "I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen." In the early years of this century, the Lyceums and the Chautauquas had been hooked together by entrepreneurs like James Redpath into an international system of respectable vaudeville. "Chautauquas" now meant summer tent shows, while "Lyceums" were the indoor winter counterpart, hiring theatres, opera houses, churches, school auditoriums, town halls, and gyms. In 1923, when Ducky was eighteen, the shows on the Lyceum-and-Chautauqua circuits played to forty million Americans and Canadians in some ten thousand burgs and hamlets. Lyceum was the name of the grove outside Athens where Aristotle taught his students, who were called Peripatetics—Walker-arounders—because Aristotle walked around while he talked.

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Canadian Chautauquas

—Brings the world to your door

—Operated by Canadians, for Canadians, in the best interests of Canada.

"Big Ideas," a comedy in three acts by the Joan Dixon Dramatic Artistes. A story of domestic life in the home of a young clerk who struggles unsuccessfully to get along on a small salary.—*From Ducky's Chautauquiana collection.*

The most American thing in America.—*Teddy Roosevelt, quoted in "Recollections of the Lyceum and Chautauqua Circuits," by Irene and Raymond DaBoll.*

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Ducky had always had itchy feet. The winter of his senior year in high school, he took the train to Chicago to break into show business. He went home after three months of no breaks and immediately got a break, thanks to Cousin Alma, who had heard that Ellsworth Dilbert, a local Chautauqua scout, was in the market for a mandolin player. You travel the world over, Ducky thought, and come home to find acres of diamonds in your front yard. So he joined the Alamo Quintet and toured the Midwest, dressed as a caballero, playing the mandolin and doing birdcalls and horses. On a Canadian Lyceum swing, he perfected the teeth-and-tongue whistle, ideal for representing canaries. He's run across only two other people in his life who could do the teeth-and-tongue. One was a butcher, the other a lady vaudevillian. It took him six months to figure it out and master it, and he introduced it in a hotel lobby somewhere in Saskatchewan, where it was so successful that it convinced a woman her canary was sick. He also learned how to squeeze his hands together, pump them to make a partial vacuum, and then somehow produce tuned squeaks. He calls this his little musical instrument, and his best number is "Who's Afraid of the Big, Bad Wolf?"

" 'Culture under canvas'—that's what we called the Chautauquas," Ducky recalls. "Edgar Bergen, Marjorie Main, Gene Lockhart, John Qualen (he played the father of the Dionne quints in the movies)—they all started in the Chautauquas. On a Redpath circuit that took in Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Oklahoma, Texas, New Mexico, and parts of Louisiana, we had a— Well, in the Alamo Quintet we had one girl who did a good rube act. She had a squeeze bulb that made her Spanish hat go up and down, and she did little pigs and could bray like a donkey to perfection. Had a good singing voice, too. Then, in the evenings, there were readers—they were men who could take a novel and act out all the parts. They did a beautiful job—gave you a real story. The women in the front row would alternate between crocheting and drying their eyes with their handkerchiefs, depending on what part of the story it was.

"A good tight tent had good natural acoustics, and some smart Lyceum man discovered that the acoustics in town halls could be vastly improved simply by stretching three strands of baling wire from front to back over people's heads. One time, we were playing in—some place in Texas. I forget the town. Bowie, that was it. We were doing our afternoon performance, when the Chautauqua supervisor walks in and says in a real calm voice, 'Friends, it looks like there's a storm brewing.' Well, here's an old guy in the audience—an old residenter, that's what they called them—with a long gray beard. He looked just like a prophet. He stands up and says in this booming voice, 'FRIENDS, THE STORM IS UPON US.' The place just cleared. Now, I'd just had two suits and my costume cleaned and pressed. I went outside to see what was happening, and I saw that big funnel touching down from the sky. Nobody got hurt, but after it was over, the little daughter of one of the girls in the quintet—not the girl that did the rube act—was missing, and they finally found her in a culvert. What happened was that her mama had said, 'We're going into cyclone

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country, and if you see one, look for cover.' The little girl thought she said, 'Look for a culvert,' which is, of course, about the worst place to go in a cyclone, because twisters are usually followed by a heavy rainstorm. The Chautauqua crewmen forgot to loosen the ropes of the tent. Then the sun came out and shrank the ropes, and that big metal ring that held out the top of the tent just went. You should have heard that *boing!* Good acoustics. But we did the evening performance anyway. My costume could have been cleaner."

AFTER the Chautauquas went *boing*, in the late twenties, Ducky headed on out to California. The Depression found him in San Francisco with ten dollars and Margie, his eighteen-year-old wife from Minnesota. Margie married Ducky after he promised to give up show business. Nine dollars and forty cents bought the two of them passage on a freighter to Los Angeles with a nice little cabin and meals. They landed in L.A. on May 12, 1930. Ducky had a dime, and Margie had fifty cents. Ducky got a job driving a miniature milk wagon pulled by miniature horses for the Adohr Milk Company. The wife of the owner of Adohr was named Rhoda, and Ducky was billed on the side of the wagon as "Whistling Clarence, the Adohr Bird Man." On an impulse, one day Ducky stopped by Walt Disney's studio, in Burbank, and got an audition with Disney. Ducky gave him baby chickens, baby turkeys, crickets, and, in the baby-goat voice, "Mary Had a Little Lamb." "Stop!" cried Disney. "That's our talking duck!"

"Our talking *duck!*" said Ducky. And then, "*Our* talking duck?"

Disney remembered the story somewhat differently. According to Disney lore (see, for instance, "The Art of Walt Disney: From Mickey Mouse to the Magic Kingdoms," by Christopher Finch), Disney "discovered" Clarence on a local radio show, and sought him out. Walter Elias Disney was born three years and two days before Clarence Nash, and, like Ducky, put in some early years on a remote Midwestern farm. In 1910, the Disneys moved from Marceline, Missouri, to Kansas City, where Walt, again like Ducky, had a paper route—"threw the Kansas City *Star*," as Ducky puts it. By the time Nash and Disney met, in Burbank, Disney was already a household word. Having survived the loss of his first character, Oswald the Lucky Rabbit, to a film distributor named Charles Mintz, whose contract with Disney gave him ownership of the rabbit's name, Disney was making money from "The Three Little Pigs," his Silly Symphonies, and his real pet, The Mouse. (Originally, Disney had planned to name The Mouse "Mortimer," but his wife talked him out of it.) At his studio, Disney O.K.'d all productions, nixed those he decided, sometimes at the last minute, "weren't right for Mickey," suggested an occasional gag, edited scripts, made sure the timing of each film was perfect, and read The Mouse's lines in the cartoons. He did not do any drawing, and he liked to tell interviewers that he was really a bee who distributed pollen on his employees. Ducky Nash, his hundred-and-twenty-fifth employee, signed on on December 2, 1933. The rest is history.

IN the thirties, forties, and fifties, the Disney team turned out a new eight-minute animated short every three

"McBelding certainly has a gift for making cold statistics come to life."

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weeks, in addition to working on the famous feature films. First, the writers of the shorts would sit down and work up a situation for a certain character. Jack Hannah, who spent four years in the early forties writing Duck scripts with Carl Barks—later famous in his own right as the author of the non-pareil series of Scrooge McDuck comic books about the Incas, Atlantis, abominable snowmen, untold wealth, and the Beagle Boys—says, "We'd have a little rap session and horse around. One movie—I'm just remembering this—Donald got in trouble with his three nephews, Huey, Dewey, and Louie. Ducky did the nephew voices, too, at a slightly higher pitch. The nephews all sounded alike. I think I had the idea at one point to break up their dialogue three ways, so that each one said part of a sentence: 'Hi' 'Unca' 'Donald!' That began to get real cumbersome—it made it hard to time a picture, and it became unfunny. Anyway, this one time Donald was trying to smoke his nephews out of a cabin, and Carl came up with the idea of the nephews' putting roast chickens under the covers of their bed. Then, when Donald came in and saw the chickens, My God, he thinks, the nephews are roasted. Then I got the angel idea. Donald's down on his knees, pleading with Upstairs. The nephews hear this and go up on the roof. Huey has angel wings on. They open a hatch in the roof and a ray of light falls on Donald like a beam from Heaven. Then two of them lower the angel on a fishline while Donald promises to be good. Donald says, 'I deserve to be punished!' and Huey says, 'You're right!' and kicks him. Finally, they overdid it, Donald discovered the hoax, and a big chase ensued.

"When we had a story we liked, Carl and I would each start sketching sections of the short. There'd be meetings with other story men, gag sessions, the director would put his two cents in, and finally there'd be a meeting with Walt for the O.K."

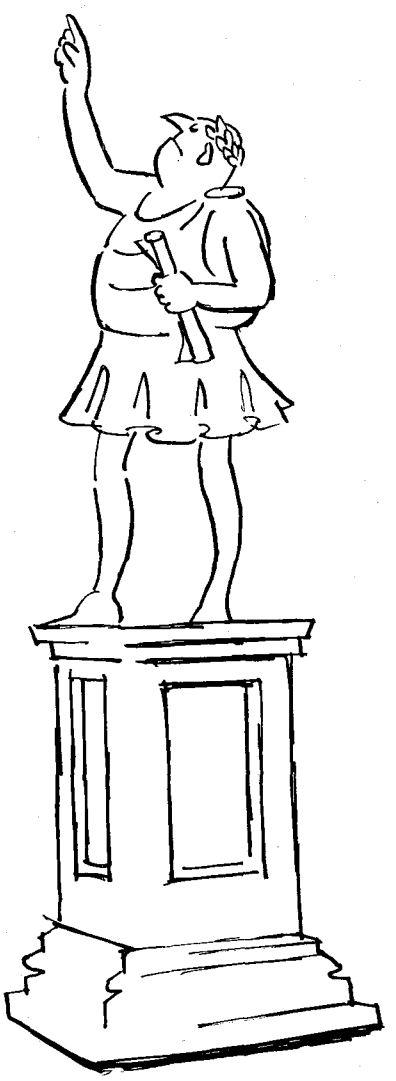
At the meetings with Disney, the writers were expected to talk the plot to him, and he would interrupt where he thought the business could be augmented or trimmed. Now that Disney's not around, the writers seem to miss their pollen-drenched audiences with him and will talk a plot to just about anyone they're introduced to at the studio. "Now, Bianca's just like a woman, hopeful and enthusiastic, while Bernard—he's the practical little guy who says 'Wait a minute!' " a writer friend of Ducky's told us about the mouse leads in the forthcoming Disney animated feature "The Rescuers," without pausing to light the cigarette in his hand. We had stopped by to say hello.

Ducky also took us in to see Jack Cutting, a Disney employee since 1929, who headed the foreign division of Walt Disney Productions until his retirement last October. It's a big year for Donald Duck in the foreign division, and Cutting had just assembled a package of a dozen Duck classics for distribution in Belgium, Switzerland, and France, where the *citoyens* are busy celebrating the quadragentennial of Donald's first appearance in French comic books. Last year, Cutting's package played to turn-away crowds in Denmark, Finland, and Sweden. Ducky has done all of the dubbing for these foreign reruns himself; he can quack phonetically in French, Spanish, Portuguese, and German, and even in Japanese and Chinese, as he now demonstrated with a crisp "*Ikura desu ka? Takai! Takai!*" ("How much does that cost? Too much! Too much!" in Japanese) and a liquid "*Ni hao ma?*" ("How are you?" in Chinese)—words that startled Cutting, who up to that point had always thought Peking Duck a palatal impossibility. Ducky is full of surprises.

Jack Cutting himself directed a number of Silly Symphonies in the old days. And, according to him, directing the cartoons was a tough job, because directors had to dream up a lot of the action, which was only roughly plotted on the cartoon storyboards. "It all sounded so funny in the meetings, when Walt went over the gag-and-story men's storyboards," he said. "And then suddenly the director had to lay out the whole picture and supply the missing ingredients. Let's pretend the situation is Goofy has a little sandwich wagon and Donald wants to get something to eat. The director had to take it from there. You could, for instance, start with a long shot of the wagon and then truck in on the wagon. We see The Goof polishing the coffee urn. We hear The Duck coming. Then we cut to Donald in front of the place. He's stopped under a street light and he's shaking his purse to see how much money he has. All that comes out is a five-cent piece, it rolls down a drain, and Donald has a tantrum. You'd lay all this out and then you'd try to figure out how much time the action would take. You could check your mental run-through with a stopwatch if you had a good sense of timing."

"Jack King was a Duck director and he could do that," said Ducky. "He'd call me up at home and start the metronome going over the phone. He'd get me to say the lines to the metronome so he could approximate the number of feet of film each bit of dialogue should take."

"Yes," said Cutting, "Jack was making a draft for the initial blocking of a scene. The process was rather complex, actually. You see, with action films like the Duck shorts we began by recording the dialogue. Then the sound man transferred each word of the dialogue onto specially printed dialogue sheets, with horizontal rules spaced to indicate each frame of film—twenty-four frames per second. If he had the word 'Hello,' for example, he would write an 'H' on the ruled line indicating the frame where the 'H' sound began. Then he drew a squiggly line in colored pencil down the page as far as the 'H' sound continued, and then the same for the 'E' sound, the 'L' sound, and so forth. The width of the squiggly pencil line indicated emphasis in the word—it was a very precise method. He wound up with what looked almost like a handmade sound-



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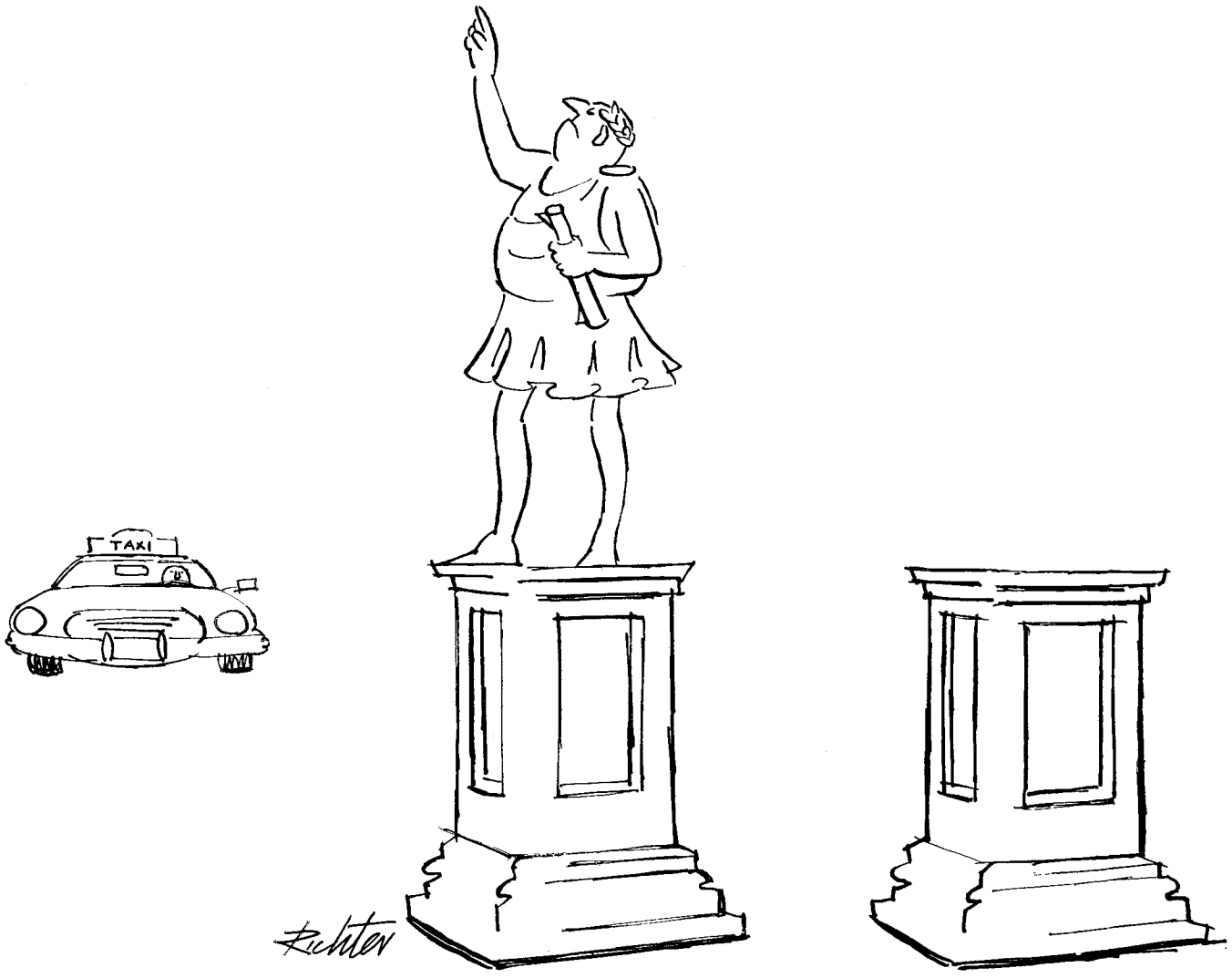
track. You could see at a glance how long each word lasted in terms of the number of frames of film.

"The dialogue sheets were then given to the director, who put this information on another set of pages—the exposure sheets. These had blue horizontal rules for each frame, and also heavy red rules that marked off units of sixteen, twenty, or twenty-four frames, or whatever—units that indicated various tempos used by the studio in synchronizing the sound and the picture. When the director was imagining a small piece of action that had to be synchronized with sound, such as The Duck walking, he might say to himself, 'I see this action in a two-twelve tempo'—in other words, The Duck's steps could come six, twelve, or twenty-four frames apart—and the director would note where the steps were to come on the exposure sheet. 'Two twelves,' 'two eights,' and so on, were our conventions for visual timing. He might also write down a general description of the action he imagined for that time slot on the margin of the exposure sheet—something like 'Goof reacts happily.'

"Then the director went over the scene with the animator, the man who did the actual drawings, and after that the animator got to work. The animator would use the exposure sheet as a guide in bringing to life his own conception of the scene. Aside from having to observe the synch requirements on the exposure sheets, the animator had a lot of freedom in interpreting the scene. As the animator made the drawings, he numbered them and wrote these numbers on the frame lines of the exposure sheet in the order in which he wanted them to be photographed. Finally, the musical score would be added, with its tempo corresponding to the tempo of the action. This is how the action and sound in the early films were so beautifully synchronized. Walt invented the sound cartoon, and he was a stickler for getting the timing right."

WHEN Disney first showed enthusiasm for "our talking duck," Ducky resigned from the Adohr Milk Company. A week passed, but no duck work materialized. Ducky rejoined the Adohr Milk Company. One day several months later, he decided to just happen to mention to Disney that Ub Iwerks, a former Disneyite—and, in fact, the man responsible for the basic drawing of The Mouse as he first appeared—was eager to make a short with a big fat duck part in it. As luck would have it, the moment Disney heard this he announced to Ducky that he was finally about ready to make a picture with a duck in it, and that he wanted to put Ducky on a retainer. Ducky immediately re-resigned from Adohr. The Duck, an angular domestic duck with a long yellow bill and a sailor's blouse and cap, had only a small bit in "The Wise Little Hen," the picture that Disney then made, but he sang a little, danced a little, and was generally raucous, and audiences laughed so hard at Donald's inaugural antics that it was generally agreed he had stolen the show. As a result, Donald Duck was co-starred immediately—with The Mouse and Clara Cluck—in another short, "Orphan's Benefit." The bit here was Donald Duck raging at a theatreful of mischievous mouse orphans after reciting "Mary Had a Little Lamb." Disney sneak-previewed his shorts in those days by slipping a couple



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"Don't tell me. You've left Roy. Your brother arrived this morning. He's left Joyce. It's going to be an old-fashioned Christmas after all."

• •

of bucks to the projectionist in a local Burbank movie house and then loitering out front and sampling audience reaction. Ducky was invited to be a loiterer at the first public screening of "Orphan's Benefit," and he contracted a bad case of the first-night jitters. There wasn't anything to worry about—the audience streamed out of the theatre talking about The Duck. "This time," according to the "Biographical Sketch of Donald Duck" prepared by the Disney publicity department (Release No. 20788), "there was no doubt about the force of his personality. He wrapped up the picture and waddled off with it tucked under one wing."

Donald was an overnight sensation, and Ducky found himself with a written contract. This was not an arrangement designed to enrich Ducky, but it gave him, over the years, enough money to buy a little house in Glendale, which he and Margie have lived in for thirty-eight years, and to raise two daughters—Kay, now forty-four and the mother of five children and grandmother of one, and Peggy, thirty-seven and the mother of three. Disney eventually started sending Ducky on long promotional swings around the country with a two-foot-high model of Donald that could open its beak and wiggle its eyes and tail, and Ducky's salary was always boosted to three hundred a week while he was on tour. "Orphan's Benefit" was quickly followed by other shorts with major Duck parts, and The Duck was soon receiving an enormous fan mail, rivalling that of The Mouse. Donald also received a terrific press. In a lavish spread about "Donald the Duck" in the July, 1935, *Stage*, a writer named Helen G. Thompson said, "I'm stuck on Donald Duck." Miss Thompson devoted several paragraphs to character analysis—"voted the toughest duck of the season, Long Island included . . . the bad penny de luxe . . . the greatest pest since Flo McGee and chain letters . . . that duck Donald made Firpo look like a conqueror"—and attempted to define Donald's appeal: "Someone . . . asserts that he has the greatest of all virtues—courage in the face of adversity. Remember, he is a depression duck. It is said that he appeals mightily to the maternal instinct, and that every woman in the audience thinks she can do something about Donald." Gilbert Seldes penned an intellectual appreciation of Donald ("A Bad Duck") for the New York *Evening Journal* that same year: "A new character who surpasses Mickey Mouse himself. . . . It is a bad, wicked duck, a malicious and mischievous duck, a duck corresponding to all the maddening attractiveness of bad little boys and girls—a superb character."

Ducky himself gives Disney a lot of credit for Donald's early character development. "Before Walt, I never thought of being mad or laughing in the Duck voice, but when he suggested it I found that I could do it. After that, the more I used it, the more I developed it. When Donald got his first starring role—in 'Modern Inventions,' in 1937—I sat in on some of the story meetings and made some suggestions based on all the things I had discovered I could make Donald do. So they put in the sequence where Donald gets in the mechanical baby carriage and puts a coin in the slot and it sings 'Rock-a-Bye Baby,' and he begins to cry like a little baby, and then the mechanical nurse picks him up and he begins to squawk. I also worked on my vocabulary. I only lost the voice once. It was a pretty tough day, in a tough schedule. I was recording Duck dialogue, and I got really tired, and when I got home I tried the voice and it didn't seem to be there. I didn't feel really very happy that night, but the next morning the quack was fine, and I've never worried since. I'm glad it happened. It gave me more assurance. 'Modern Inventions'—I think that was the picture where the man in Canada laughed so hard he left his crutches behind when he left the theatre."

As a rule, Ducky was not invited to participate in gag sessions, and Disney never offered to make him a producer or a director or a writer, or to give him any other function around the studio. Disney thus distinguished him from Pinto Colvig, the old circus clown he hired to record the voice of Goofy and the barks of Pluto. Pinto not only wrote gags for Disney but conducted the studio's house band, in which Jack Hannah played the mello-

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phone. Pinto, who was a good friend of Ducky's, left home as a tad to join the circus band, and remained in it until it marched in front of his mother's house a year or so later and she plucked him out and sent him upstairs. In his final years, Pinto became the first Bozo the Clown, popularizing his corny clarinet—a clarinet painted to resemble an ear of corn. Ducky joined the studio's Walt Disney Gem & Mineral Society, but otherwise had nothing to do between soundtrack recording sessions. Even with some non-Duck recording (an occasional Mouse, an eagle scream, Pinocchio's brays, a bullfrog in "Bambi," Dopey in "Snow White," a few dogs in "One Hundred and One Dalmatians," and various pucker-whistle birds), there were still plenty of nothing-to-do times. So Ducky enrolled at Glendale College, getting good marks, despite chemistry, and also lined up radio work. He was the Rinso White bobwhite on "Amos 'n' Andy" and on the "Bob Burns Show," and he appeared on the "Burns and Allen" show as Gracie's inarticulate pet duck, Herman. Ducky's Herman displayed emotion (it cooed at Gracie and quacked angrily at George) but, under the terms of Ducky's contract with Disney, was forbidden to speak. An exception to the no-speak clause was made once, in a dream episode—where it didn't count, since Gracie was supposedly only imagining it. Herman got sick in one episode, and Ducky has in his scrapbook two eight-by-ten publicity stills taken that week. In the first, Lionel Barrymore (Dr. Gillespie) has been called in to take Ducky's pulse while Gracie stuffs a thermometer in his mouth and George cracks up. The second shows the same scene minus George, obviously banished for laughing too hard. Ducky also did non-talking ducks for Bob Burns and Gene Autry, was Leo Gorcey's pet frog on the "Bob Burns Show," and occasionally, at Disney's behest, went on the air as Donald Duck. Once, on Cecil B. De Mille's "Lux Radio Theatre," he went on with Wallace Beery—former Kansas City elephant trainer, who liked ducks—because Grace Moore, the opera singer, who was supposed to follow Ducky on the show, said, "I'm not going to be on any show with any damn duck." She later apologized nicely.

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Silly, if true . . . I mean that talk about Grace Moore refusing to appear on that Coast air program if Donald Duck also warbled on it . . . The legend is that Donald's singing went too big at the rehearsal and Grace no like.—*Walter Winchell's "On Broadway," New York Mirror, September 24, 1936.*

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Ducky also let his itchy feet take him camping and fishing and prospecting. One day, he was on a stream up in northern California when he heard a strange music in the stream itself. "With a tempo," Ducky says. "I don't think I imagined it. Suddenly it just seemed a beautiful sort of setting, so with the teeth-and-tongue I put my bird to the music of the stream. Of course, I've lost the teeth-and-tongue now—you can't do that when you get older. Suddenly another bird joined in. It seemed to be coming from a bush behind me, so I looked around and there was a goldfinch on a branch, I don't think over two and a half, three feet away. We must have done ten minutes together. I felt quite complimented by that. I'm a great one for the outdoors—I wish I was there now. Another time, when my nephew was visiting me from Missouri, we went out to a park, and a bunch of kids were kind of running around. I started doing my ventriloquial cat. It sounds like a cat, but nobody knows who's doing it, and my little woman, she just didn't like for me to show off very much. Of course, as I say, I'm an awful showoff, and I love to talk to kids, and I did it to see if I could fool 'em. She got mad, and I said, 'Honey, I'm just working on it. I'm practicing.' The strangest thing was, the very next day the producer of a Pall Mall-sponsored radio show called me up and asked me if I did a cat, and I went out and did two shows for him. Then I got a nice check for it, and when I got home I tickled my wife's nose with it and told her, 'You don't get a dime of this.' "

It was during the period of Ducky's radio work that Disney began sending him off on tour. Some Disney chroniclers have been unkind enough to suggest that Disney, who was still recording most of The Mouse's dialogue, didn't want The Duck around every day. Whatever the truth of the matter, Ducky certainly spent many consecutive weeks over the next thirty years or so away from Burbank.

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Postal Telegraph
February 13, 1941
Clarence Nash
care Pullman conductor
Union Pacific Train No. 8
passing 4:30 pm Grand Island
Nebraska
Please wire immediately your car and Pullman number. Will be at train with

"I was sad because I had no walking stick,
Until I saw a man who had no spats."

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reporters. Angle being Donald Duck is sore because he's not in Fantasia, opening Chicago on the 19th. Also how long you have between trains.

Regards

Antoinette Spitzer
Walt Disney Productions

Northern Dairy Co.
Ishpeming, Michigan

Schedule for Mr. Clarence Ducky Nash
Monday June 8, 1953

2 pm Radio Station WDMJ interview with Mr. Wallace for tape
(A) Spots 4:30 pm and 5:30 pm Monday, 5:30 pm Tuesday
(B) Also pix for paper
(C) Also interview with paper—Bob Biolio

3:15 pm Northern Michigan Children's Clinic

7 pm Delft Theater, Marquette, Michigan

7:30-8 pm Holy Family Orphanage

Welcome, Donald Duck.—*Headline of the Extra Newspaper of the Handicap Class, Sir Charles Tupper School, Norwood St., Halifax, Nova Scotia, September 18, 1963.*

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Ducky remembers a visit with his Donald Duck doll to the Shriners children's hospital in Houston. He talked Duck talk to the kids to cheer them up. "Before we went into the ward to entertain, we'd gone into a few rooms of the children who couldn't come out," he says. "There was one lad in there, I'd say ten to twelve years old, maybe a little younger, who was crying like everything. He seemed to be in awful pain. I mentioned to the gentleman, the R.K.O. field man who was handling the tour, 'I think I should go down there with Donald and talk to that boy.' Well, he said, 'No, the doctor might resent it,' but the nurse said, 'By all means.' So I went over and put Donald's face right in front of his face, where he couldn't miss it, and had Donald say, as loud as I could, 'Shaddup!' He shut up right away and looked very startled. Then we had a conversation, and in two minutes he was laughing—forgot all about everything. The doctor said, 'Gee, thanks.' So that was one time a quack helped a doctor. Then, when I was on tour with Donald in Montreal, I'd have him say to the little girls, 'Got a kiss for me? *Embrassez-moi.*' Then Donald would kiss her. When a big girl, eighteen or nineteen, came along, Donald would move back and I'd move forward and kiss her. I used to have a lot of fun."

Donald Duck won an Oscar in 1943 for "Der Fuehrer's Face," an anti-Fascist gem in which The Duck dreamed he was a German munitions worker who tries to be a good German but gets in trouble with the Nazis for muttering "Aw, *heil!*" The Oscar does not sit on Ducky's Glendale mantel, because Disney kept it. Instead, the mantel has two identical Donald Duck bronze statuettes on wooden bases. One is from Roy Disney, Walt's brother and business partner, and is inscribed "To Clarence Nash, in appreciation of your continuous years of service, 1933-1969." The base of the second statuette bears the printed legend "Best personal wishes, Walt Disney, 1952." (It was one of Disney's policies not to identify his actors in the credits for his animated shorts, which is why some people think that Mel Blanc is the voice of Donald Duck. Mel Blanc is the voice of Bugs Bunny, Porky Pig, and Daffy Duck, among others, and his name is in circulation because Warner Brothers, the studio that packaged these characters, always listed Blanc in its credits.) Other artifacts in Ducky's home—a snug house that sits near the hills of the Angeles National Forest, behind two lemon trees, which provide the lemons for Ducky's lemon-meringue pies—are a large ceramic Donald Duck ashtray, two small fire-opal Indian arrowheads Ducky got off an old-timer who lived to be a hundred and seven and lost his driver's license when he was ninety-nine because he was in an accident that wasn't his fault, a dozen or so gold nuggets Ducky found prospecting during time off from judging a beauty contest up near Oregon, some Mexican fire opals he's polished and set on the heads of nails, an Indian stone cultivating tool, several fossils of sea life, and two stones from Oregon, shaped by the Indians up there into the likeness of human feet and used as moccasin molds. Ducky has crammed most of his treasures into two glass-fronted cabinets in the living room. His wife, Margie, is always afraid the cabinets are going to burst open.

Ducky drove us out to the place from the studio in his Chrysler one afternoon, setting the autopilot at fifty-five. Margie and Fritz, the schnauzer, met us at the door. Ducky presented Margie as "my little roommate," and she rustled us up some coffee and cookies. We talked about the time a few years ago when Ducky and Margie opened a feed store and nursery in the neighborhood, and Margie showed us a clipping from a Glendale paper that said, "Donald Duck's Voice Opens Feed Store." "Clarence has to have something doing all the time," Margie said. She is Ducky's size and is pretty, with lovely grandmotherly silver hair.

"We worked nine days a week when we opened that store," Ducky said. "About three months later, I went to the doctor and he said, 'You have no business being in business.' So I relaxed and started doing things differently, and pretty soon I got to enjoying that store a great deal, and one night I said to Margie, 'I don't think I'd ever want to sell that store.' She said, 'I don't think I'd ever want to.' The next day, a guy came in with an offer, and I sold it. Well, I got to thinking, Our help gets vacations, but we don't."

Margie started to say something, but the doorbell rang. It was an eighth grader who wanted to wash the Chrysler. "Our class is having a car wash to raise money to go to Disneyland," the kid said.

Ducky chuckled, told him the car didn't need washing, and slipped him a dollar.

Then Ducky and Margie talked about their recent cross-country tour in the Nash Cabin, which has all the comforts of home except a shower, and how they'd enjoyed watching the hundred-and-first running of the Kentucky Derby. Margie told us that Clarence had been presented with the key to the city of Louisville and commissioned a Kentucky colonel. Ducky told us that he was also an admiral in the Great Nebraska Navy. "I've never made a million bucks out of my life," he said, "but I've been mighty comfortable."

Margie smiled, and the phone rang. It was a neighbor lady. Ducky was helping her sell her house, and she wanted him to show some potential customers around. Ducky made Fritz go get his leash. Then he leaned over and made a circle of his arms, and Fritz jumped through the hoop four or five times, barking fiercely. Ducky put on a ten-gallon hat and kissed his wife. "Well, 'bye, Mrs.," Ducky said.

—Tony Hiss
and David McClelland

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Beautiful 6′ South American Boa Constrictor. Beautiful specimen. Also, especially built large men. Also, especially built large heated cage. Must be seen to be appreciated.

—*Adv. in the Manchester (N. H.) Union Leader.*

Thing to do is take one of those big men, put him in the cage, turn the heat on, and introduce the snake.

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OFF BROADWAY

A TRIUMPHANT revival of "The Royal Family," as fresh and energetic and funny as ever under Ellis Rabb's direction, is playing a twelve-night stand (through December 28th) in the refurbished downstairs theatre at the Brooklyn Academy. Does anybody have to be told that it is a lightly disguised comedy *à clef* about the Barrymores and the Drews, which Edna Ferber and George S. Kaufman wrote in 1927? This production is done in period, and very stylish it is in every way. Oliver Smith's setting of the Cavendish duplex apartment, with a sweep of staircase that is put to constant histrionic use by the members of the family, and with portraits of (I think) John Drew and Ethel Barrymore high on the walls, in a sense blessing the action below, is both lavish and comfortable—the kind of setting you want to live in. Even more important, stars act stars. Eva Le Gallienne, even more beautiful than she was when she was young, is Fanny Cavendish, matriarch of the clan, whose hands curl with rage when she is referred to as "Mother" Cavendish. She is the least decrepit, most majestic Fanny imaginable; it is quite conceivable, right up to the end, that she is going out on a cross-country tour. Sam Levene is the family's business manager and producer, as concerned with their private lives as with their careers and finances. How easy it would be to be superficial or a stereotype in either of these parts, yet Miss Le Gallienne and Mr. Levene act them with the deepest sincerity and conviction. Lovely, charming Rosemary Harris is Julie Cavendish, the toast of Broadway and so harried by the demands of her next of kin and by her love for them that she is tempted to chuck the theatre for comfort and riches. Her performance is perfect (and so is her Ina Claire hairdo). George Grizzard, whose natural style is not flamboyant, does very well as flamboyant Tony Cavendish, of Hollywood, taking temporary, hectic asylum in the apartment from female pursuers, and such stalwarts as Rosetta LeNoire, Joseph Maher, and Mary Louise Wilson appear in supporting roles. A wonderful company, and a lucky one to have Mr. Rabb at the helm—a director who senses exactly what a play is and seems to know precisely what to do with it. Even the hokum is indigenous. Except for a few bars of "America, the Beautiful," which precede each act (and which I consider a mistake), the action never comments on itself—unlike the finale of "A Chorus Line," which does comment on what has gone on before. "The Royal Family" belongs as much to the twenties as "A Chorus Line" does to the seventies, yet the themes are the same—the enchantment of the theatre, and the pull it exerts on those who work in it. The script has great wit and dash. It also has real curtain lines, and it occurred to me that perhaps the reason that so many dramatists write one-acters today is that they just can't think of curtain lines; it also occurred to me that ringing doorbells and phones are the twentieth-century replacement for the opening and slamming doors of nineteenth-century farce.

Ann Roth's costumes may be period, but they always seem to be clothes—and beautiful clothes, too. John Gleason's subtle lighting is as effective and dramatic as every other element in the show.

DAVID STOREY, the English dramatist who wrote "The Contractor," among other good plays, has written another good one, "Life Class," which will be running at the Manhattan Theatre Club through January 3rd. It is set in the studio-classroom of a teacher at a college or art school somewhere in the North of England. He is at the end of his rope: he is no longer able to get any work done, and his wife is about to divorce him. His misery and self-contempt are expressed in sarcasm and small cruelties to his students, one of whom he forces to hold a pose almost beyond endurance while he pretends to sketch, ending with a blank page. His own inner turbulence infects the class—the serious students as well as the jeering, mischievous ones—and puzzles, then alarms, his colleagues on the faculty. Trouble starts simmering early, and boils over into brutality when one of the students, egged on by another, rapes a nude model.

The details of character, atmosphere, and action are what give the play its richness and distinction (as was true of "The Contractor"), and the cast assembled is very distinguished, too. In the leading role, Kevin Conway is quiet, groping, and distracted, without the bravado that one is accustomed to in his acting. It is the most interesting performance I've ever seen him give. Veronica Castang is silently eloquent and delicate as the nude model, and when she speaks she speaks well; Lenny Baker, as the rapist, is, as usual, subtle and strong (and funny, pre-rape); Swoosie Kurtz, wide-eyed this time, is funny and endearing as a student so timid and tense that she can barely put a dot of paint to canvas; William Roerick is exactly right as a pompous, old-school member of the faculty; and I also admired David Wilson, William Carden, Dale Hodges, Christopher Curry, Keith McDermott, Toni Kalem, John Ramsey, and Peter De Maio in the other roles. The good setting was by Marjorie Kellogg, the good lighting by Arden Fingerhut.

"DANCING FOR THE KAISER," at the Circle Repertory Company, is a first effort of Andrew Colmar, and an odd effort it is, to be sure. The setting is England in 1918, just before the end of the First World War, and the complex story, told in brief scenes and blackouts, concerns a crazy superpatriot whose purpose is to expose and quash a spy ring made up of homosexuals and lesbians. His chief target is an American dancer whose resemblance to Isadora Duncan is more than casual, and who is about to embark on the title role in Oscar Wilde's "Salome." The dancer is herself O.K., but is the dupe of the spies, according to the patriot. A play as eccentric, not to say ludicrous, as "Dancing for the Kaiser" demands a certain style in its performance, and this is never attained on Sheridan Square. I found the whole enterprise preposterous but not boring.

—EDITH OLIVER

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MARY ARTHUR, secretary in Office of Safety and Security, has been named an honorary member of the International Association of Fire Fighters. She was also recognized by the Englewood Fire Fighters Association as being "Instrumental in substantially increasing the manpower needs of the Englewood Fire Department."—*Superintendent's Newsletter, a publication of the Denver (Colo.) public-school system.*

Good show, Ms. Arthur!

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Muses

ANY list, however brief, of the city's notable concerts in recent seasons is likely to include some given by Eve Queler and her Opera Orchestra of New York. In Carnegie Hall, the week before last, Miss Queler showed once again her ability—already admired in performances of Verdi's "I Lombardi" and of Donizetti's "La Favorite"—to present a controversial or uneven work so persuasively that its weaknesses pale before splendors she knows how to reveal. This time, the work was Berlioz's lyric monodrama, or *mélologue*, "Lélio, ou Le Retour à la Vie" (that sequel to the "Symphonie Fantastique"), a mixed-media piece for actor and (invisible until the finale) chorus, orchestra, two pianists, one or two tenors, and baritone. The general view of "Lélio," as a farrago, is suggested by a defensive index item in Jacques Barzun's big biography of the composer, referring to Berlioz's "SANITY (even while composing 'Lélio')." The musical numbers, composed independently, at various times and for various forces, reflect Berlioz's preoccupations: Goethe, Shakespeare, Italian banditry, daydreaming, Shakespeare again. The monologues for the link man, Lélio-Berlioz, represent an attempt to find some order and sequence in his life and in these musical manifestations of it. Three real women move through the double adventure of the "Symphonie Fantastique" and "Lélio"—Estelle Dubœuf, Berlioz's first and last love; the Irish actress Harriet Smithson, who, with Shakespeare to help, inspired the *vague des passions* of the symphony; the pianist Camille Moke, who delivered him, for a while, from his obsession with Harriet. Berlioz won the Prix de Rome in 1830, performed the symphony, became engaged to Camille, and left Paris with ideas of a "great project I shall try to realize during my exile" at the French Academy in Rome. But soon he learned that Camille had married another. Project forgotten, Berlioz packed his pistols, poisons, and a disguise, and set out to kill the girl, her husband, her mother, and then himself. As he approached Nice, his resolution faltered. He felt an increasing reluctance "to say farewell to life and art . . . to leave my first symphony unfinished, to have other, greater works in my head, unwritten. . . . Life was contending with death." In Nice, life won. Berlioz wrote to Horace Vernet, the head of the French Academy in Rome, and asked to be taken back. Vernet replied kindly, pointing out that "work and art were the two sovereign remedies for a mind afflicted." On the way back to Rome, Berlioz began to sketch the "Lélio" monologues, and the substance of Vernet's letter is echoed in Lélio's speech as he moves from the sweet melancholy of "Souvenirs" to the confident assertions, the invocation of Music as a faithful and pure mistress, that introduce his "Tempest" Fantasy. But—the irony of it is characteristic—that Fantasy had been composed to the glory of Camille-Ariel, whose light, charming presence had banished the grief brought by Harriet-Ophelia.

The biographical background is worth recalling, since "Lélio," unlike the "Symphonie Fantastique," can hardly be considered an absolute musical entity. Its unity is personal, not formal. Thoughts of the three women and his feelings for them, of an Ideal Woman, of Juliet, Ophelia, and Miranda, of Faust, Prospero, and Hamlet (whose speech to the players is parodied in Lélio's speech to the performers) go whirling through it. In the course of the monologues, the musicologist François-Joseph Fétis is chided for his tamperings with the text of Beethoven symphonies; the choristers are warned not to hold their parts in front of their faces, obstructing the flow of sound. Does it all cohere? Only if we regard it as a verbal and musical illustration of Berlioz's autobiography, a composite self-portrait dated 1827-31, with likenesses taken from many angles. The listener needs to know the "Memoirs." When the brigands sing of drinking from the skulls of their mistresses' lovers, he may remember that Berlioz, roaming the Campagna, carried a skull in his gamebag, and filled it with stream water to soak the salt from his prosciutto. Hearing the "Chant de Bonheur," he must recall that it "came to me one day as I lay on the flat top of the thick clipped box hedge in our formal Academy garden, lulled by the soft insidious airs of my foe the south wind." (Did Berlioz forget that it also came, in large part, from his earlier cantata "La Mort d'Orphée"?) The passionate lover, the ambitious young composer, the musician with a keen eye to practical details of performance, the romantic sallying into the lovely Italian countryside, singing to his guitar strange, improvised recitatives of Pallas's death and Evander's despair, dreaming of a heroic past, reminded of his own troubled present, murmuring snatches of Shakespeare, Vergil, and Dante through a passionate fit of weeping—they are all there. But in performance "Lélio" always seemed to me a ramshackle muddle—until this Carnegie Hall presentation drew it together. It was very well "staged"—not with an invisible choir and orchestra (that would present acoustical problems) but with carefully planned lighting to suggest the stage directions of the score. Of the title role, Donald Madden gave a brilliant account. He spoke, gestured, moved, listened, looked with quick, vivid sensibility. He was neither too solemn (as concert narrators often are) nor too stagy, but entirely convincing. Miss Queler paced both the individual numbers and the piece as a whole with a sure romantic instinct. John Aler, doubling as Horatio, Lélio's friend, and Lélio's inner voice in the "Chant de Bonheur," sang sweetly. The monologues were spoken in English translation; the singing was in the original French and Italian. Almost the only criticism—it is one that can often be made when nineteenth-century music is played today—concerns the bunching together of first and second violins on the conductor's left. This modern orchestral disposition deprived us of some antiphonal effects that Berlioz must have intended in the "Tempest" Fantasy.

"Lélio" was the first half of the bill. After the intermission, Renata Scotto sang scenes from Spontini's "La Vestale," Rossini's "Armida," and—a kind of trailer for the Philadelphia production of Donizetti's opera, in which she starred last week—the finale of "Anna Bolena." For Spontini, she did not really have the tempered-steel strength of line that is needed. Both here and in the Rossini there was a trick of letting the last note of a phrase fade into inaudibility, and her loud *acuti* were strident. But her soft phrases were ravishing, and, as ever, the personality was endearing. Between the Rossini and the Donizetti, Miss Queler conducted Richard Strauss's orchestral fantasy on "Die Frau ohne Schatten"—a performance not always quite in tune but richly felt. Then Miss Scotto returned to give a bewitching account, delicate, dexterous, and stirring, of the long Donizetti sequence:

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dramatic recitatives, affectingly uttered, introducing and linking the aria "Al dolce guidami," a decorated version of "Home, Sweet Home," with three other voices in accompaniment, and the vigorous cabaletta "Coppia iniqua!"

THE Sunday-afternoon recitals at the Frick Collection are civilized occasions, and provide—without admission charge—a chance to listen to solo and chamber music in an intimate chamber. Elisabeth Söderström's recital last week was a delight. On the stage, her quick musical intelligence, her vivid and engaging temperament, and a protean voice not exceptionally powerful but well able to compass soubrette mirth and tragic passion have brought her triumphs in a wide variety of roles—notably by Monteverdi, Mozart, Tchaikovsky, Strauss, Debussy, Janáček, and Hans Werner Henze. In this recital, she passed through many moods—Schubert, Wolf, and Liszt, a modern Swedish group, and Mussorgsky's "Nursery"—and defined each of them precisely with the small, sure touches of a great lieder singer. Her voice was in beautiful shape, doing all she asked of it, flowing evenly through richly colored phrases. Her command of words, in five languages, was complete; in four foreign languages she sang, and in English introduced some of the songs. She reminded us that one of the composers represented, Wilhelm Peterson-Berger, was also a critic, and quoted a review by him: "Miss C. gave her second recital yesterday. During the year since her début, she has not stood still. Nor has she made any progress." During the twenty years I have been hearing Miss Söderström, she has not stood still, either, but has become an ever more alluring, picturesque, and cogent interpreter, progressing to a point at which she must be counted one of our most valuable singers. The playing of her pianist, Martin Isepp, combined boldness with subtlety.

There are some artists who can attract a public whatever they perform, but too often, in New York, advance bills and handbills vouchsafe no more details of a program than a few composers' names, and sometimes not even that—as if the singer (or instrumentalist) mattered more than the specific songs (or sonatas). It was their flyers' detailed listing of interesting programs that drew me to hear two other sopranos—Sheila Barnes at her début in Carnegie Recital Hall, the day before Miss Söderström, and Janice Harsanyi in Alice Tully Hall, last month. Miss Barnes has a clear, fresh, and well-formed young voice. Its range of colors is still limited, but there was liveliness in her eyes and in her rhythms. We should be hearing more of her. After a Mozart group, and Poulenc's "La Courte Paille," she sang the first two books of George Crumb's "Madrigals," and then Debussy, Britten arrangements, and Walton. Miss Harsanyi's program was a spectrum of twentieth-century song, ranging from Anton Webern's three Ferdinand Avenarius settings (1904) to a solo, "In the Swamp," from Roger Sessions' Whitman cantata "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd" (1970—and still unheard in New York; how regrettable that the Chicago Symphony's impending performance has not been booked into Carnegie Hall). An Italian diva is apt to consider the term "*artista*" an insult; it implies a lack of sheer vocal glamour. Miss Harsanyi's voice is not glamorous and she *is* an artist—one who brought distinction to all she did. It was a particular pleasure to hear Luigi Dallapiccola's "Quattro Liriche di Antonio Machado" so sensitively sung.

The Tully Hall audience for this cultivated recital was small. It was also small—less than two hundred—when Arthur Weisberg's Contemporary Chamber Ensemble, at its first concert of the season, played an admirable program there, with high accomplishment. Both events might perhaps have been better housed across the street, in the auditorium of the Library and Museum of the Performing Arts. Although this place, a two-hundred-and-twelve-seater, has its own busy schedule of afternoon activities, to which the public is admitted free, its potential as the workshop and élite small recital hall of Lincoln Center is not yet fully realized. But as the new home of Lincoln Center's own "New and Newer Music" series—Tashi there last month, the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra next month—it may gain prestige. Mr. Weisberg's program included two New York premières. One, Allan Schindler's "Cirrus, and Beyond" (undated in the program notes), is an agreeable study in textures, woven by flute, cello, percussion, and tape, which held mind and ear by its shapely disposition of events. The other, Harrison Birtwistle's "Nenia: The Death of Orpheus" (1971), was written for, and has been recorded by, the able British mezzo-soprano Jane Manning. It here received, from Jan DeGaetani, the kind of performance that composers must dream about. The soloist takes three parts—narrator, Orpheus, and Eurydice—and on occasion must sing, as it were, a duet with herself, and keep two distinct vocal lines going while she hops between them. Miss DeGaetani was not merely accurate; she sang

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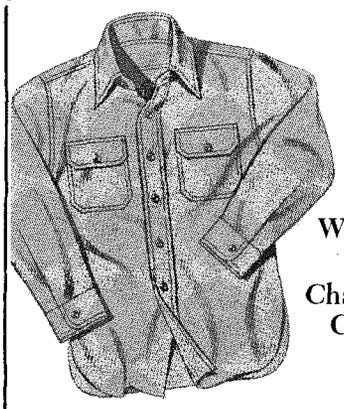

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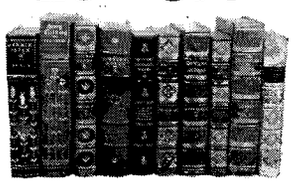

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with uncommon beauty of tone and expression. "Nenia" is a striking and imaginative work (though it is difficult not to regret Mr. Birtwistle's setting of the name "Orpheus" as a trisyllable). George Rochberg's "Serenata d'Estate" (1955), a relaxed and pleasant piece, opened the program. Chou Wen Chung's "Yün" (1968), a work in which the composer "decided to replace surface complexity with an all-embracing philosophical concept," followed, and made easy listening. At the end, there was Salvatore Martirano's undemanding Octet (undated). All the playing at this concert was on a very high level.

If Miss DeGaetani is the desirable Helen of American contemporary composers, Bethany Beardslee is perhaps their Athene—a scrupulous, precise, letter-perfect, and note-perfect soprano. At the Group for Contemporary Music's concert last week, in the Manhattan School of Music, she sang Schoenberg's "Buch der Hängenden Gärten" scrupulously, precisely, and (to my ears) with no trace of warmth or expressiveness in either her timbre or her interpretation. That was the first half. The second was excerpts from Charles Wuorinen's forthcoming opera "The W. of Babylon." Its heroine was arrayed in purple and scarlet color, was decked with gold and precious stones and pearls, at one point held a golden cup in her hand, and had a mind full of abominations and filthiness of her fornication. But Wuorinen seems to have intended nothing apocalyptic. In a note on the opera he says, "Its greatest virtue may be that it is, finally, about nothing at all: its function is to entertain." Entertainment on a locker-room level! Renaud Bruce's libretto suggests a Ronald Firbank story stripped of its elegance and retold, heavily, by a smutty-minded schoolboy. Wuorinen has set it to leaping vocal lines that made the words largely inaudible. Such jokes as could be heard were concerned with anatomical dimensions.

—Andrew Porter

CONCERT RECORDS

A Pride of Keysmiths

I DOUBT whether there has ever before been a period in the history of music when such a plethora of brilliant young pianists existed. Two new ones have now been recorded. The first is Cristina Ortiz, a twenty-four-year-old Brazilian, who is presented by Angel on S-37109 and S-37110. One disc contains Shostakovich's Concerto No. 1 for Piano, Trumpet, and Strings, done by the Bournemouth Symphony, Paavo Berglund conducting; the trumpet soloist is Rodney Senior. The other is "Alma Brasileira," a series of compositions by Villa-Lobos and other Brazilian composers. Miss Ortiz, a phenomenally gifted performer, has a sparkling technique and a considerable range of mood. The Shostakovich, an early composition, almost a contemporary of his "Lady Macbeth of Mtsensk," is stimulating and occasionally striking. The Villa-Lobos items are, as usual, somewhat chaotic but always melodious.

The second new pianist is Emanuel Ax, the twenty-six-year-old first-prize winner of the 1974 Artur Rubinstein International Piano Master Competition. He appears in Chopin's Sonata No. 3 in B Minor, Op. 58, some Schubert-Liszt transcriptions, and Liszt's "Gnomenreigen" and "Étude in A Minor After Paganini" (RCA ARL 1-1030; single disc). He is already a masterly pianist, technically capable of anything and temperamentally attuned to Romantic music.

As for our older pianists, Sviatoslav Richter, the Russian spellbinder, has recorded on Angel S-36899 (single disc) the Grieg and Schumann Piano Concertos with the Orchestra of the Monte Carlo Opera, Lovro von Matačić conducting. The readings are so sensitive that these works take on new meanings. Richter's approach is Romantic, embellished with a frequent use of rubato, and the effect is completely hypnotic. This is a record of special quality.

Claudio Arrau has set down the last four Beethoven Piano Sonatas for Philips (6780-020; four sides) in the authoritative manner we expect of him.

Peter Serkin does Olivier Messiaen's "Vingt Regards sur l'Enfant Jésus" and "La Rousserolle Effarvatte" for RCA (CRL 3-0759; six sides). His playing is admirable. "Vingt Regards" is mystical, and its meaning, like that of Scriabin's last works, must be taken on faith. Such music is not for everybody. The "Rousserolle" is more accessible—nature's moods from midnight until three, rendered in impressionistic sound painting.

The composer-pianist Hugh Newsom, a shamefully neglected figure, plays his Ten Nocturnes for Piano on a single disc obtainable from International Music Service, at 133 West 69th Street. He is a conservative composer, and his work is both technically accomplished and full of poetic meaning.

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Piano, Violin, and Cello have been recorded by the Beaux Arts Trio with exemplary artistry (Philips 6747-142; eight sides), and Mozart's six string quartets dedicated to Joseph Haydn (K. 387, 421, 428, 458, 464, and 465) are superbly performed by the Quartetto Italiano (Philips SC71AX-301; six sides). These are all mature Mozart, and heavenly music.

NOW for some larger endeavors: Handel's oratorio "Solomon" has been issued by Vanguard (VSD-71204/5 and 6; six sides). The distinguished cast includes Justino Díaz, Sheila Armstrong, Robert Tear, Michael Rippon, and Felicity Palmer; Johannes Somary conducts the English Chamber Orchestra. The oratorio is a stately one, and its melodies, which are memorable, depict Solomon's majesty, his wise judging of the dispute between the two putative mothers, and his welcome to the Queen of Sheba. A rather static libretto, but Handel put some of his finest writing into it.

Rarely are great choral compositions as magnificently performed as is Schubert's Mass No. 6 in E Flat Major, D. 950, by the Berlin Philharmonic and the St. Hedwig's Cathedral Choir of Berlin under the baton of Erich Leinsdorf, with Pilar Lorengar, Betty Allen, Fritz Wunderlich, Manfred Schmidt, and Josef Greindl in the solo parts (Seraphim S-60243; single disc). In this powerful religious work the chorus is the virtuoso, and the singing of the St. Hedwig's Choir is outstanding in its elasticity of tone, its delicate shading, and its purity of intonation. This is apparently the sole extant recording of one of the finest works of the religious repertoire.

Bruckner's Mass No. 1 in D Minor, an early and wholly enchanting affair composed in Linz before the composer went to live in Vienna, has been done by the Bavarian Radio Symphony Orchestra and Chorus under the veteran Bruckner conductor Eugen Jochum; the soloists are Edith Mathis, Marga Schiml, Wieslaw Ochman, and Karl Ridderbusch (Deutsche Grammophon 2530 314; single disc). The performance is one of great nobility.

All the ballet music Ravel wrote for Diaghilev's "Daphnis et Chloé" has been recorded by the Cleveland Orchestra and Chorus under Lorin Maazel (London CS 6898; single disc). Mr. Maazel's version is sensitive, as any version of this gauzy, impressionistic music must be.

Schoenberg's "Pierrot Lunaire" is sung in English, along with some of

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Charles Ives' songs, by Cleo Laine, supported by the Nash Ensemble, Elgar Howarth conducting; Anthony Hymas is the pianist (RCA LRL1-5058; single disc). I am afraid that nothing will ever make me like Schoenberg's hysterical and completely atonal melodrama, which employs the speaking voice over an orchestral accompaniment. The Ives songs are rather a relief. Miss Laine is more an actress and night-club performer than she is a singer, which is appropriate.

The eminent guitar virtuoso Julian Bream has produced an album of Concertos for Guitar and Lute (RCA CRL3-0997; six sides)—one concerto by Villa-Lobos (very original), one by Malcolm Arnold (medium tonal), one by Richard Rodney Bennett (completely atonal), one by Mauro Giuliani (nineteenth-century Italian), one by Antonio Vivaldi (eighteenth-century Italian), one by Joaquin Rodrigo (very Spanish), plus the Courtly Dances from Benjamin Britten's "Gloriana" (modern but not atonal). Sterling musicianship and style.

Philips has released the first complete recording ever made of Mozart's Missa Solemnis, K. 139. The performers involved are the Leipzig Radio Orchestra and Chorus under Herbert Kegel, with Celestina Casapietra, Annelies Burmeister, Peter Schreier, and Hermann Christian Polster as soloists, and Walter Heinz Bernstein as organist (6500-866; single disc). It is generally thought that Mozart wrote this beautiful work at the age of twelve. It is surprisingly mature, and the quality of the performance is high.

Smetana's "Má Vlast" ("My Fatherland") has been done by the Czech Philharmonic under Karel Ančerl (Vanguard SU-9/10; four sides). Everybody knows the "Vltava" episode ("The Moldau"), but the entire work is not heard as often.

Dvořák's Symphonies No. 7 and No. 9 ("From the New World") have received new recordings by the Czech Philharmonic under Václav Neumann (Vanguard SU-7 and 8; single discs). The interpretations are authentic. I am particularly fond of the Seventh. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

RIGHT TURN ON RED

Committee on Public Works: Subcommittee on Transportation concluded hearings on S. 2049, to permit motor vehicles to turn right on red light traffic signals after coming to a stop, after receiving testimony from Senator Bumpers.—*Congressional Record—Daily Digest.*

And that's supposed to speed up traffic?

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Kubrick's Gilded Age

STANLEY KUBRICK's "Barry Lyndon," from Thackeray's novel, is very deliberate, very smooth—cool pastel landscapes with small figures in the foreground, a stately tour of European high life in the mid-eighteenth century. The images are fastidiously delicate in the inexpressive, peculiarly chilly manner of the English painters of the period, and the film is breathtaking at first as we wait to see what will develop inside the pastoral loveliness. An early bit of sex play between Barry (Ryan O'Neal) and his teasing cousin Nora (Gay Hamilton) is weighted as if the fate of nations hung on it. While we're still in a puzzled, anticipatory mood, this hushed atmosphere is intriguing, but then we begin to wonder how long it will take for the film to get its motor going. Thackeray wrote a skittish, fast-moving parody of romantic, sentimental writing. It was about the adventures of an Irish knave who used British hypocrisy for leverage; unscrupulous, he was blessed and cursed with too lively an imagination. However, it must have been Barry's ruthless pursuit of wealth and social position rather than his spirit that attracted Kubrick. The director may also have been drawn to the novel because of its externalized approach; Orwell was describing Thackeray's gift for farce when he said that one of Thackeray's heroes was "as flat as an icon." Kubrick picks up on that flatness for his own purposes and tells the story very formally. After an hour or so, Barry has deserted the British Army, only to be impressed into the Prussian Army and then into service as a police spy in Berlin, and we have begun to long for a few characters as a diversion from the relentless procession of impeccable, museum-piece compositions. All we get is Patrick Magee, encased in the makeup of a noble in the time of George III and wearing an eye patch, as the gambling Irishman that Barry is sent to spy on. The two of them head for the Prussian border, to begin a cardsharp partnership that will keep them travelling, and, with Barry at last a free man, the mood *could* lighten. It doesn't. O'Neal looks slack-faced and phlegmatic—exhausted from the effort of not acting—and one gets the feeling that Kubrick is too good for a light mood. Instead, in Spa, Belgium, Barry sets his sights on the rich, walking-doormat countess he will marry, and the film's color fades ominously to a colder tone. This ice pack, coming at the end of the first half, warns us that in the second half there will be none of the gusto we haven't had anyway.

As it becomes apparent that we are to sit and admire the lingering tableaux, we feel trapped. It's not merely that Kubrick isn't releasing the actors' energies or the story's exuberance but that he's deliberately holding the energy level down. He sets up his shots peerlessly, and can't let go of them. There are scenes, such as the card-room argument between Barry and the gouty old Sir Charles Lyndon (Frank Middlemass), that just sit there on the screen, obsessively, embarrassingly. Kubrick has worked them out visually, but dramatically they're hopeless. He has written his own screenplay, and the film lacks the tensions and conflicting temperaments that energized some of his earlier work and gave it jazzy undercurrents. Has he been schooling himself in late Dreyer and Bresson and Rossellini, and is he trying to turn Thackeray's picaresque entertainment into a religious exercise? His tone here is unexpectedly holy. The dialogue, taken from the book, is too light to support this, so, right from the start, there's a discrepancy between what the characters are saying and the film's air of consecration. If you were to cut the jokes and cheerfulness out of the film "Tom Jones" and run it in slow motion, you'd have something very close to "Barry Lyndon." Kubrick has taken a quick-witted story, full of vaudeville turns (Thackeray wrote it as a serial, under the pseudonym George Fitz-Boodle), and he's controlled it so meticulously that he's drained the blood out of it. The movie isn't quite the rise and fall of a flamboyant rakehell, because Kubrick doesn't believe in funning around. We never actually see Barry have a frisky, high time, and even when he's still a love-smitten chump, trying to act the gallant and fighting a foolish duel, Kubrick doesn't want us to take a shine to him. Kubrick disapproves of his protagonist. But it's more than that. He won't let Barry come to life, because he's reaching for a truth that he thinks lies beyond dramatization. And he thinks he can get it by photographing externals.

The film says that all mankind is corrupt. By Kubrick's insistence that this is a piece of wisdom that must be treated with Jansenist austerity and by his consequent refusal to entertain us, or even to involve us, he has made one of the vainest of all movies. He suppresses most of the active elements that make movies pleasurable; he must believe that his perfectionism about the look and sound of "Barry Lyndon" is what will make it great. It's a coffee-table movie; we might as well be at a three-hour slide show for art-history majors.

Ryan O'Neal has worked on his Irish lilt, he knows his lines, he's all psyched up for the assignment, his face straining with the effort to be what the Master wants—and all that Kubrick wants is to use him as a puppet. As Lady Lyndon, Marisa Berenson is just a doll to hang the lavish costumes on; her hairdos change more often than her expressions. In Kubrick's "A Clockwork Orange," Malcolm McDowell

"I'm in early, Paul, because my ox was gored early."

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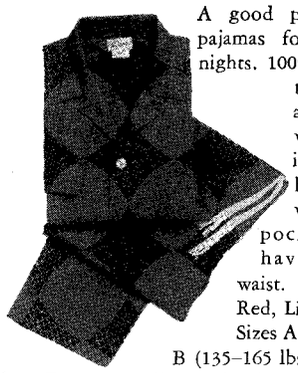

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brought his own vitality and instinct to the bullying hero; here Kubrick manipulates the actors the way he did in "2001." The men are country bumpkins or overbred and ugly (they're treated rather like the writer—Patrick Magee—in "Clockwork"); the women, long-necked and high-breasted, are lovely, but they're no more than the camera's passing fancies. Kubrick doesn't want characterizations from the actors. It's his picture, in the same sense that Fellini's pictures have become *his*. Where Fellini, the caricaturist, hypercharges his people, makes them part of his world by making them grotesque, superabundant, Kubrick, the photographer, turns actors into pieces of furniture.

Even the action sequences in "Barry Lyndon" aren't meant to be exciting; they're meant only to be *visually* exciting. But when we have no interest in who is fighting a battle, or what the outcome will mean, the action must make an appeal to the senses all by itself, by its graphic strength and visual-emotional movement. It won't do to have soldiers being moved in patterns just to see what original effects a director can get. When Barry, as a soldier, is in a military skirmish during the Seven Years' War, Kubrick proves that even a battle can be pastel—the British Army's red coats are blanched to a photogenic rosy pink. This aestheticizing touch is symbolic of Kubrick's folly; the soldiers are pink toys—they don't die, they merely fall over. And this isn't used for its satiric potential: there's no comedy in it. The opposing line of soldiers wears lavender-pink cuffs, and that seems to be the reason they're on the field—so we can see the ravishing pinks and greens. Yet there's nothing like the extravagant sensuousness of "The Leopard." When Barry is wenching, with his arms around two half-naked bawds, the scene is so statically composed that it's pristine, and when Kubrick looks at the wanly bored Lady Lyndon, palest pink in her bath, and you notice abstractly how her flesh tones blend with the appointments of the bathing salon, all you can say is "Pretty."

War has its own graphic power; we can turn on the TV and be moved by a combat scene in an old movie even if we don't know anything about the issues. Obviously, Stanley Kubrick does not have a gift for sensual fury—he's interested in the contemplative spectacle of war. Yet he's indifferent to the possibilities in the interaction of images and doesn't build his sequences by editing—which is how memorable war sequences are made—so his beautiful images are inert. If they seem like slides (certainly the narrator, Michael Hordern, seems like one of those museum tour-guide machines), it's because they *don't do anything for each other*. The episode of Barry's entrapment by the sly, grinning Prussian officer (Hardy Krüger), which is hammily obvious anyway, is so laborious because Kubrick spells it out instead of making the point by editing. The sequences of the gambling partnership might have been entertaining if they'd been telescoped, like Welles' account of Charles Foster Kane's first marriage.

But Kubrick's mode in this film is oracular and doomy: the narrator tells you what's going to happen before you see it—you're even told long in advance that the end is going to be unhappy. The music, offputtingly classical under the titles (an omen of a consequential film), gets to be enough to make one want to fight back. What with the marches, dirges, and adagios, there's so much forboding and afterboding that the music might as well be embalming fluid. Kubrick is doing the opposite of what the revolutionary Russian directors of the late teens and early twenties were attempting: he's going back to the pageant—to using film as a procession of images. And he's going back to impressing people by the magnificence of what is photographed; he's taking pictures of art objects. That antiques-filled room at the end of "2001" must have been where he wanted his own time machine to land. Kubrick seems overwhelmed by the cool splendor of the great manor houses, with their rich interiors and sweeping vistas. The people are repulsively corrupt, but the style in which they live is treated with reverential longing. He simply thinks they're the wrong people to be living there. The star of the picture is the aristocratic domicile.

The misanthropy is right on the surface. Kubrick makes no attempt to hide it; he thinks too highly of it. The few amiable characters—Captain Grogan (Godfrey Quigley) and the compliant German girl (Diana Koerner)—are dispatched quickly. Kubrick is on a hanging-judge trip. When he lets Barry's son, Brian, have sparkling, gamin eyes, you can guess that he's going to kill the kid off and make us suffer. He takes forever over the boy's dying, though at last, in the deathbed scene, Ryan O'Neal, telling the child a ter-

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minal tale, gets his one chance to do a Ryan O'Neal specialty: he smiles through tears marvellously. If Irving Thalberg had hired Antonioni to direct "Marie Antoinette," it might have come out like this film—grayish powdered wigs and curdled faces. Some people may go along with it, because it *is* beautiful—if you like chilly fragility. And, since it's essentially a bloodless, elongated version of a thirties costume picture, it could have a camp appeal. One's response will probably depend on one's tolerance for the Kubrick message that people are disgusting but things are lovely. The trend in Kubrick's work has been toward dehumanization, and when Barry and Lady Lyndon have their dry-as-dust courtship and then a wedding that is so lifeless it could be a frozen image, Kubrick seems to have reached his goal: the marriage of robots.

This film is a masterpiece in every insignificant detail. Kubrick isn't taking pictures in order to make movies, he's making movies in order to take pictures. "Barry Lyndon" indicates that Kubrick is thinking through his camera, and that's not really how good movies get made—though it's what gives them their dynamism, if a director puts the images together vivifyingly, for an emotional impact. I wish Stanley Kubrick would come home to this country to make movies again, working fast on modern subjects—maybe even doing something tacky, for the hell of it. There was more *film* art in his early "The Killing" than there is in "Barry Lyndon," and you didn't feel older when you came out of it. Orwell also said of Thackeray that his characteristic flavor is "the flavor of burlesque, of a world where no one is good and nothing is serious." For Kubrick, everything has become serious. The way he's been working, in self-willed isolation, with each film consuming years of anxiety, there's no ground between masterpiece and failure. And the pressure shows. There must be some reason that, in a film dealing with a licentious man in a licentious time, the only carnality—indeed, the only strong emotion—is in Barry's brutally caning his stepson. When a director gets to the point where the one emotion he shows is morally and physically ugly, maybe he ought to knock off on the big, inviolable endeavors.

"Barry Lyndon" is a mistake, but it's not disreputable. It's not a mangy insult, like "Lucky Lady," which is an agents' picture—everybody's rip-off. The only drama involved was in the deal. It started with a script financed by an agent and manufactured by Willard Huyck and his wife, Gloria Katz. They'd worked on the script of the money-making "American Graffiti," and that meant that their new script would be read as if it were a target map to the mother lode. Probably it hardly mattered that this script has no basis in experience and owes nothing to imagination, either. It's an example of a new cottage industry—the handwrought computerization of movie hits. 1930 . . . rum-running between Mexico and southern California . . . a blond floozy-singer with two rival lovers—one canny-eyed and knowing, the other a well-meaning stupe . . . a fast boat . . . a darling orphaned "native" boy for a deckhand . . . action . . . little guys against the mob . . . high society . . . "native" boy killed by the dirty mob . . . vengeance . . . action climax . . . big. The idea was so aggressively charming that Twentieth Century-Fox was persuaded that the film would be another "The Sting," and put up $450,000, which, in perfect justice, considering the picture, went to the agent, with the writers receiving a sixth of it. And the agent, Michael Gruskoff, now became the producer. It's too bad that we don't have access to the dialogues of all the agents involved, because they must have been inspired.

By the time Stanley Donen was hired as director and Liza Minnelli was slinging her body around in sleazy glitter and a blond wig, and Gene Hackman and Burt Reynolds were playing her competing lovers, something between $13,000,000 and $15,000,000 had got pyramided onto the shifty base. The mother lode is what this picture cost. Yet Donen and everyone else involved in this thing (except maybe the Huycks) must have known better. When sneak previews showed some dissatisfaction, the company tried to protect its huge investment by arranging to have a new ending shot. That new ending is like the desperation finishes on comedies of the forties, but it's no worse than the original finish (as described in the novelization of the screenplay). And it's not much worse than the beginning or the middle. A new new ending is now being pieced together out of the older footage; it can't make any aesthetic difference—there's no good way to end a picture that should never have been begun. However, the film has some

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handsomely shot, reassuringly fancy destruction scenes—boats exploding, burning, sinking, people shot up, blown to bits—and maybe audiences will go for that. Maybe, with a big enough campaign, "Lucky Lady" can combine the audience for "The Sting" with the audience for "The Towering Inferno."

It's a movie for people who don't mind being treated like hicks: the audience is expected to shudder with delight every time it hears an obscenity or sees a big movie-star grin. Gene Hackman keeps a low profile and comes off better than the others, but it's not much of a contest. Reynolds does the same simp act he did in "At Long Last Love," letting you know he's miscast. He's willing to play a twit, but he plays it a little cute, so you'll know Burt Reynolds could never be convincing as a twit. There's nothing to be done with the role anyway, and he isn't obstreperously offensive; he and Hackman are both forgettable. What isn't is the deformation of Liza Minnelli's personality and appearance. To take a woman whose only sin is her naked overeagerness to make contact with an audience, and to turn her into a strident, selfish bitch, and then to sentimentalize *that*, as if her viciousness and rasping out at everyone were really adorable—that's tying Liza Minnelli to a block of cement. I know she consented to do this role, but I was offended for her. She has not earned "Lucky Lady," and she does not deserve to be made so crude. She plays a scene of comic feminine incompetence—she's unable to light a match—that would be a low point in the annals of women on the screen if one could for a moment believe that the characters in this movie were men or women. The plastic is so thick that when Liza Minnelli puts on a record of Bessie Smith singing "Young Woman's Blues" you can barely register that it's really Bessie Smith's voice. This mercenaries' film is so coarsely conceived it obliterates any emotion, any art.

—PAULINE KAEL

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A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From the Lafayette (Ind.) Journal & Courier*]

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BOOKS

The Eye of the Beholder

AT dusk in upland Burma—a country still inaccessible for almost every one of us—a young voice essays "Stars Fell on Alabama;" in Karl-Marx-Stadt itself, bastion of another implacable ideology, East German boys and girls twist and turn to the words and music of "Dancing on a Saturday Night": Esperanto has had its day, but the day of English has only dawned. English and a smattering of sign language (here a picture is indeed worth a thousand words) can move the assiduous and observant traveller farther and farther, year by year, even though rules and regulations, or mere whim, keep on walling up ports of entry which the language itself has penetrated. One's luggage, as lightweight as it can be made, must include another item—the ability to accept an official pronunciamento if there is no alternative, to wheedle and cajole if there *is* one, to divine when bribery is an insult and when it is a perquisite, to make the very best of both chance acquaintanceship and chance circumstance, and to squander the time of day, of many days, with whoever is at hand. (But none of this need concern the incurious voyager who, properly documented and ticketed well beforehand, attends to the swift completion of his appointed rounds conscious of no more than the tedium of jet lag.) Julius Caesar, Genghis Khan, Alexander the Great, and Hannibal invented group travel long before American Express was thought of, but it was the Cooks—James Cook in the South Seas, Thomas Cook & Son in Switzerland—who invented what the British call the "classic" traveller: the one who, by land and by sea, circles the world at leisure and, as often as not, in a rather grand manner.

Paul Theroux, though his chosen calling of novelist goes well indeed, is often distracted from his work—"I have seldom heard a train go by and not wished I was on it," he has written—and now, in "The Great Railway Bazaar" (Houghton Mifflin), he reveals himself to be one of the "classics." Transplanting himself from his native New England to London, some years ago, must have been what did it; every third passerby in Trafalgar Square is a railway buff, and the fever is endemic. The outward purpose of what Theroux subtitles "By Train Through Asia" is to give an account of a set of usefully scattered seminars on the novel, those syndromes of sound and fury, often signifying nothing—a condition of which he is quite aware. The "classic" journey out of London involves a crossing of the Channel aboard ship, by day if one is as neighborly as Theroux, or, if one is not so gregarious, by night, in a Wagons-Lits sleeping car floated across the water: destination Paris and, frequently, the Orient Express. Agatha Christie's Orient Express has been replaced, *post* two World Wars and the Iron Curtain, by a leisured local train that bears the name but only a single sleeping car—and this no more than twice a week. The restaurant car in which the late Hercule Poirot dined in the manner to which we would all like to become accustomed has disappeared: one stocks one's Wagon-Lits compartment beforehand or one lives off the country.

But the Orient lacks neither character nor characters. The diplomatic pouches from the Foreign Office in Rome still travel to the Italian Embassy in Sofia in a Wagon-Lits, and the constantly changing companionship is accessible with ease, though life is edgy at border crossings, when the police come aboard: the benign minions of Yugoslavia, whose faint smiles suggest that Western capitalism will cross over to their side in the end; the all-business minions of Bulgaria, who exact a surprising eleven dollars in lieu of a visa for the privilege of parting their portion of the Iron Curtain. (The Turkish border military could not care less about formalities.) The landscaping of European Turkey, even before that lengthy, breakfastless journey alongside the Sea of Marmara and its mosques into Istanbul, is like no other, and the descent to the platform of the delightfully helter-skelter Sirkeči Station plunges the traveller at once into Asia Minor. Already, just three nights out of Paris, the Theroux diary has become a novel. Westerners who live in Constantinople (their fond name for it) feel a pulse that is sui generis; Theroux puts his finger on it. So far so good: all is in order. But across the Bosporus, by steam ferry, lies Asiatic Turkey, and the first real test of the "classic" traveller. From Haydarpaşa Station, that Teutonic cathedral for the pre-First World War *Drang nach Osten*, there sallies forth a train, the night express to Ankara, that merits no criticism. This train is not for Theroux;

"And wipe that silly mustache off your face when you talk to me, Flaherty!"

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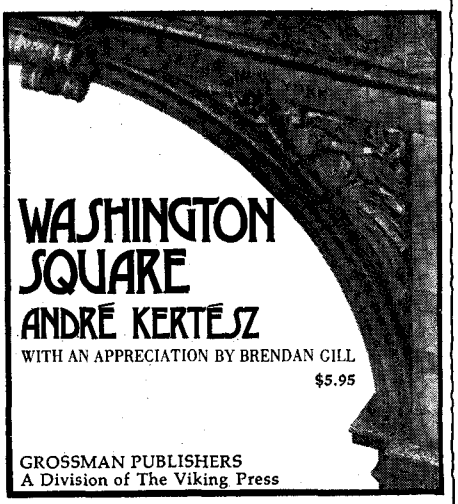

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he elects the one that goes east far beyond Ankara and, on certain (or uncertain) days, by ship across the huge Lake Van and to the Iranian National Railways and Teheran. At lakeside, he does not at first perceive that both cajolery and bribery are essential to the sleeping accommodations he deserves, and a new chapter of the novel, soon to be swelled by a cast of thousands, begins.

In the Eastern world, the portals between nations can open and close with the celerity of the doors in a French bedroom farce, and who is to know where or when? In the Eastern world, the conveyances, of whatever sort, move with the inattention to detail and to timeliness of the Penn Central. Turned away from one scheme for advancement, our voyager takes flight (literally) across Afghanistan to the railway that querulously descends from the Khyber Pass. By now, he has put the package tourists far astern. On through India—a journey best accomplished in a Thomas Cook-chartered sleeping car—he wanders, in catch-as-catch-can trains peopled by an even more augmented cast. He is on his way to a seminar in Sri Lanka. Then he backtracks (again, literally) to Calcutta. A knowledge of India, and of Calcutta in especial, is universal; as long ago as Mark Twain, Western eyes noted the throngs that live out their thwarted lives on the pavement. There are surprises en route for the landborne traveller: Asiatic Turkey, even in its vast loneliness, has—at dusk and at sunrise—an elephant hue that softens its fascinating harshness; the Khyber Pass offers sheer and fearsome spectacle. But India is all dust and hunger: the canals that the British of Empire built to make the stubborn countryside over into farmland cannot suffice; the railways they built are now a dishevelled suggestion of what they still could be. By air across the Bay of Bengal to Rangoon, and the diary becomes not a novel but a documentary. The alumni of the China-Burma-India command in the last World War know Burma; we others know it only as the rare venturer like Theroux sees it—not always with official permission. The chapters in his narrative that begin with "The Mandalay Express" and end with "The Lashio Mail" are enough in themselves to satisfy the stay-at-home journeyer. But there is work still to be done—several seminars in Saigon and Hué—and the pattern that Theroux runs to get there is a marvel. A flight to Bangkok, and by train upcountry to Vientiane, the now lost capital of Laos. To reach the Thonburi Station, in Bangkok, he crosses the stinking houseboat canals hidden behind a high-rise façade that Western enterprise has constructed—an office-and-hotel complex it has called Siam Center. The sword has never been sheathed in this world: whether it is Thailand or Malaysia or Java or Sumatra that one traverses, the threat of something covert is implicit; the shadow of the autocracy against which that sword is drawn lies across landscapes whose unabashed, innocent beauty is nearly without equal. Theroux, who returned to Bangkok from Vientiane, documents all this. Yet the railway journey, casual and unhurried—be sure to snaffle the proper accommodations—from Bangkok down to Singapore (more high-rise, more autocracy) is one of the pleasantest on earth. The flight from Singapore to Saigon and his seminars, with the ruin imposed here, too, by Western enterprise, occupies his time and his thoughts for a while—the panorama of destruction, the furtiveness of the uneasy deserters from the now departed American Army of Occupation. Nevertheless, from Rangoon to Singapore to Saigon the street people are so often animate flowers; a gentleness, a humor, a dignity born of that unvarying equatorial climate pervade them.

But it is time for the homeward leg of this enormous voyage—a flight to Tokyo and a more familiar, hypertense manner of living. A gravitational pull that is wholly Japanese tilts the inhabitants off center, and the high-protein pressure (all that delectable raw fish) can exhaust the traveller: in the trams and the subways, in the trains—clean and fast and glittery and not especially comfortable or well victualled. (*Is* spaghetti with tomato sauce the pinnacle of the culinary art?) By Russian ship from Yokohama to the Soviet Far East, and the slow motion to which Theroux has attuned himself recommences. No one has contemplated without a sense of elation the monumental Russian barmaids who staff the Far Eastern Shipping Company lounges. The railway across Siberia and into the western part of the Soviet Union likewise conducts itself with a becoming lack of hurry; the dining and wining, if one has had the forethought to provide oneself with an Intourist guide, are not bad at all. (Neither English nor Western sign language has made its way yet into the enormous stretch of world that lies between the Sea of Japan and Moscow.) But then

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travelling across the Soviet Union is a mode of life as inexpensive, and as astounding, as can be devised. A scent of Christmas and of home and family marks the railway trail just east of Moscow, but an immovable official muttering about the impossibility of crossing the border into Poland without a transit visa (even though in Bulgaria eleven dollars does the trick so simply) halts our author for two days. It is an abrupt interruption, and the first one, to the dream he has been living since, those many nights ago, he boarded the Orient Express in the Gare de Lyon. It is an interruption, as well, to the dream—the convolute, engrossing, and plain-and-simple-informative dream—that all of us who read "The Great Railway Bazaar" will have fallen into. It should have gone on much longer.

—Rogers E. M. Whitaker

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Beyond the Bedroom Wall: A Family Album, by Larry Woiwode (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). The subtitle suggests the form of this novel, which is a collection of portraits of several generations of two North Dakota families. Loving, fine-grained portraits. Despite an unconventional, disjointed narrative and a penchant for leaving lots of loose threads around for the reader to ponder, Mr. Woiwode has an old-fashioned tone; indeed, he is almost grandfatherly as he describes his characters' hopes, sorrows, vanities, joys, and disappointments. The scope of the book is enormous. In addition to the Neumiller and Jones families, it is crammed with portraits of neighbors, friends, priests (the Neumillers are Catholics), and children's schoolmates, and it bulges with minutely observed articles of furniture, with details of houses and carpentry and masonry, and with lyrical descriptions of the Midwestern plains that almost (but not quite) make them seem inviting. The characters we learn most about are Alpha and Martin Neumiller and their five children. Alpha is an intelligent, strong-willed, almost mystically sensitive country woman, whose somewhat frustrated life is cut short when her sixth child is stillborn. Much of the book is about how people react to the deaths of those they love. Martin, a kindly, generous, muddle-minded schoolteacher, falls apart when his wife

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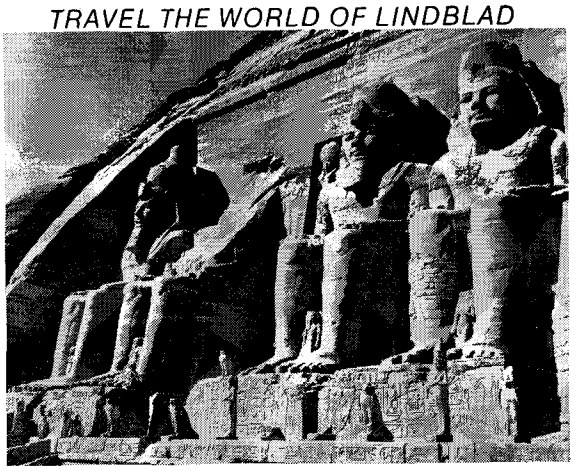

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dies. We see all this, and almost all the characters in the book (including the children), from the vantage point of different eyes, so the picture is constantly shifting and deepening. The novel thins considerably toward the end, occasionally employs eccentricities of typography that seem pointless, and sometimes bombards the reader with faces and events that are simply too numerous to keep track of, but Mr. Woiwode's voice is a strong and clear one, and his sense of the intricacy of family ties is extraordinary.

GENERAL

THE SILENT CLOWNS, by Walter Kerr (Knopf). A work of formidable scholarship that is also continuously amusing. Surely nobody has ever seen more silent-movie comedies than Mr. Kerr, or has understood them half as well; he is acute about how these comedies came into existence, and about how the great clowns—Lloyd, Keaton, Chaplin—found themselves as artists in an environment that one might have assumed to be ideally unsuited to them. Mr. Kerr has a cast of hundreds to deal with, and we catch many welcome glimpses of Arbuckle, Langdon, Charley Chase, and Laurel and Hardy. The format of this exceptionally useful and well-written book is a little too clever for its own good; we are grateful for the hundreds of well-reproduced pictures, but the taint of a tarted-up coffee-table book lies upon the page and does no service to the author.

BODYGUARD OF LIES, by Anthony Cave Brown (Harper & Row). A full-length history (nearly half a million words) of the infinitely labyrinthine war of nerves waged by the Anglo-American secret intelligence forces—dirty politics, bushwhackings, extortions and blackmailings, sabotage, cat-and-mouse deceptions, the creation of phantom armies and nonexistent bogeymen, and sheer midnight terror—that culminated in, and very largely made possible, the invasion of Hitler's Fortress Europe on June 6, 1944. Mr. Cave Brown, a British journalist, takes his title from Churchill's ornately telling observation at Teheran: "In wartime, truth is so precious that she should always be attended by a bodyguard of lies." This bodyguard, whose functions ranged from the simple treacheries of a barefoot Yugoslavian cutthroat to the sophistications of the Oxbridge cryptanalysts, was, he suggests, peculiarly British (Perfidious Albion) in character, and its purpose was to plant throughout the world splinters of misinformation that when collected and fitted together by the astute German intelligence agencies would present Hitler with a plausible but wholly inaccurate picture of Allied intentions, and thus, it was hoped, avoid the conventional (or 1914) wholesale slaughter of men. He also suggests that the scheme was forced upon a generally reluctant American staff—a staff (led by Marshall) that longed from the beginning for a simple, haymaker blow at the enemy. Mr. Cave Brown further reveals (from information only recently made public) how the blueprint for deception was rendered feasible by a stroke of almost incredible good fortune on the eve of the war: the acquisition, never even suspected by the Germans, of the computerized key to the German ultra-secret code. Mr. Cave Brown's account is composed much like the program of prevarication it describes. It is an assemblage of details—of anecdote and vignette and glimpse—skillfully chosen and coherently arranged into a powerful dynamic. He can suddenly illuminate a scene ("The generals . . . put silk handkerchiefs over their knees to protect their creases, crossed their legs . . . and decided . . ."), and he can take us painstakingly through an action—the lapidary planning that produced the celebrated corpse with the plans for the wrong invasion, Wavell's intimidation of the Italian forces in Libya with a ferocious brigade of inflated rubber tanks, the devious doings of "a pharmaceutical opium dealer named Georges Keun, a Sephardic Jew with a Danish passport [whose hobby was] translating parts of Shakespeare into Bulgarian," the enigmatic behavior of the brilliant German intelligence chief Admiral Canaris, the battalions of paratrooper dolls that bewildered the Germans on D Day. Mr. Cave Brown has given us a book with a thousand heroes, a thousand victims deliberately sacrificed to the Grand Design, a thousand moments of glory and disgrace, and a plenitude of horror and vileness. It is a work of real and considerable stature, and a high adventure to read. It must, however, be added that Mr. Cave Brown is one of those who dearly love a lord, and nothing gives him more satisfaction than to introduce a titled player of British, German, French, Polish, or even Italian nationality.

THE LAST DAYS OF THE CLUB, by Chris Welles (Dutton). The "club" of the title is the New York Stock Exchange, at least as it used to be before it was brought low by recent S.E.C. regulations and huge institutional investors and computers and banks and competing exchanges and rivalries among insiders. The author, an experienced financial reporter and editor, feels that any development that makes old-line brokers miserable is good for the rest of us, because he attributes to the "cartel"—that is, seat-holders on the Exchange, who used to be very cozy under the old system of fixed commissions—equal amounts of idiocy and knavery. Mr. Welles has some fascinating stories to illustrate these qualities, and he also has lots of information about the kinds of securities markets that could be devised with modern technology—robot brokers, in effect.

EARLY CHILDREN'S BOOKS AND THEIR ILLUSTRATION, by Gerald Gottlieb (Godine). A beautiful assemblage, taken chiefly from the Pierpont Morgan Library's extensive collection of early primers, books of children's poetry, fables, hornbooks, fairy tales, medieval illuminated bestiaries, books of instruction, and courtesy books—those would-be manuals of conduct for children, ranging here from the elegant fourteenth-century "Avis aus Roys," which was given to young noblemen who were about to be sent off as pages to the French court, to Gelett Burgess's turn-of-the-century "Goops and How to Be Them" ("The Goops they lick their fingers, And the Goops they lick their knives; They spill their broth on the tablecloth—Oh, they lead disgusting lives!"), which delighted, and probably gave unintended inspiration to, several generations of strictly reared American children. This is not a book that invites curling up with (it certainly isn't intended for children), but if you happen to know any connoisseurs of printing or of early manuscripts, they would undoubtedly treasure it. Two hundred and ninety illustrations, forty in color. Thirty dollars.

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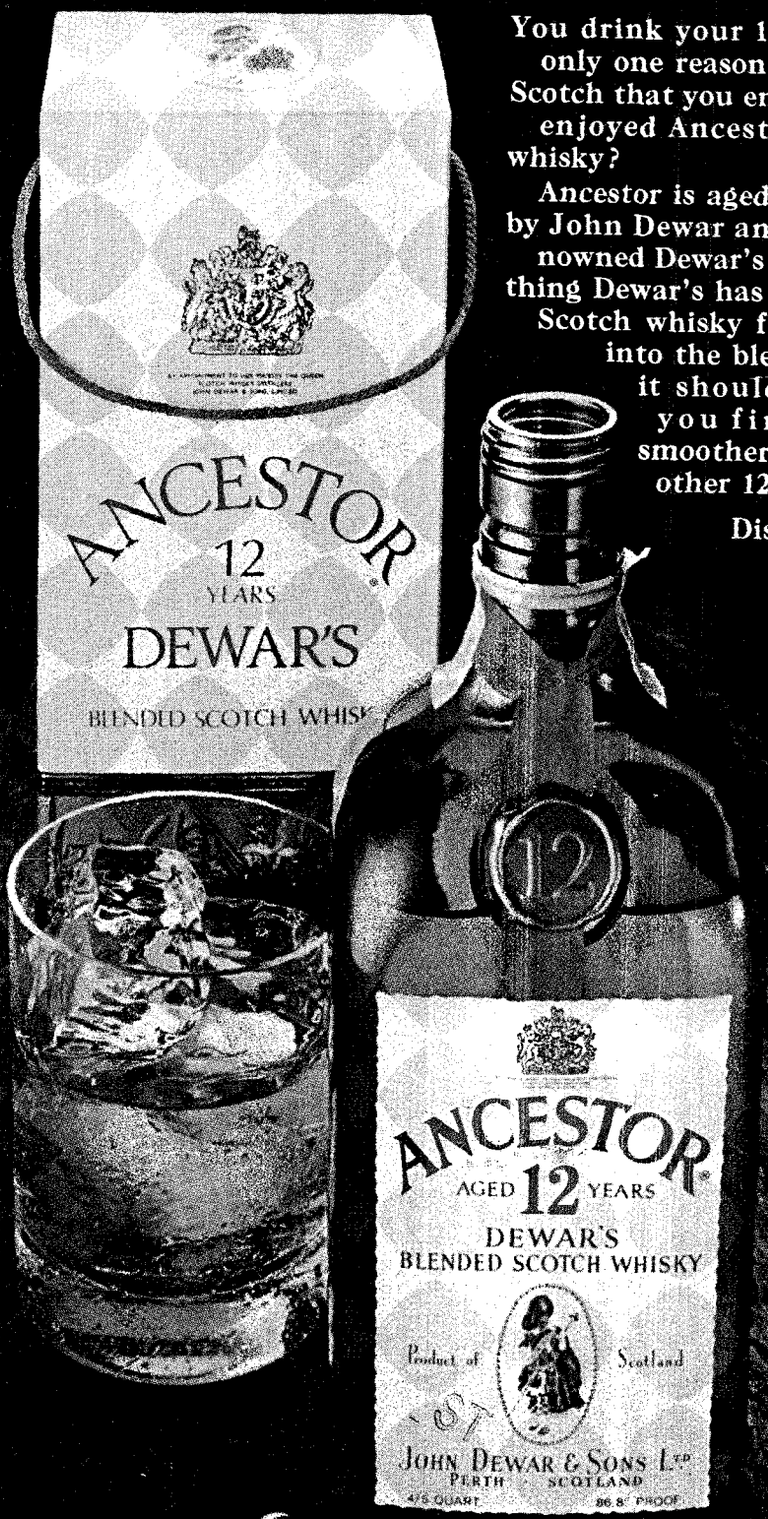

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